

# The Sketch

No. 878.—Vol. LXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



ON DUTY!

*Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.*

## TO BE ORDERED IMMEDIATELY: "THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

*"The Sketch" Christmas Number will be on sale on Monday next, Nov. 29. Those who wish to secure copies should order them at once, lest they be disappointed. Included in the issue are a number of new and special features; a splendid Coloured Plate is presented with it; and there are three other coloured plates in the body of the paper. Further, there are stories by famous authors, and seasonable pictures by famous artists. The price is One Shilling, as usual.*

### MOTLEY NOTES.

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

PARIS.

#### The Pessimist on the Boulevards.

I had done a good slice of work, eaten a good dinner, and was now strolling up the Boulevard des Capucines in search of amusement. By a stroke of rare good fortune, I met the Pessimist. He was walking rapidly, brows knitted, eyes on the pavement.

"Hullo!" I called.

He started, stopped, turned. Having recognised me, he paid me the enormous compliment of smiling. There is something in the smile of the Pessimist that is very charming.

"Some new trouble?" I suggested. (In case you have forgotten him, let me remind you of the personality of the Pessimist, who is one of my best-prized friends. He has a charming wife, a charming daughter, good health, an honoured name, and ample means. For him, the whole world and its future is alight with happiness. But he is an obstinate man. Years ago, when things were very black, he made up his mind about Life, and now he refuses to change it. The struggle must be desperate, but, all things considered, he is marvellously successful.)

"Yes," he said. "I came out to catch the last post. I ought to have gone to the Gare du Nord. But I didn't, and have missed the post. Heigho!"

#### A Victim to Privileged Robbery.

"If you care to come with me," I said, "I can take you to a place where they sell the best whisky-and-soda to be bought in Paris."

"But I don't drink whisky in France," he complained, following docilely. "Nobody ought to drink whisky in France. It's absurd. When you are in France you should drink what the French drink, beastly as it is. My only drink is a little vin ordinaire, and, very occasionally, a liqueur brandy after dinner."

Fred, of "Fred's Bar," passed the bottle without comment and opened the soda. The Pessimist, after a somewhat tardy "When?" began to tell me of his miseries with regard to flat-hunting and servant-hunting.

"Nobody but a millionaire can afford to live in Paris," he moaned. "All the people are thieves: I suppose you've discovered that? When your servant goes out shopping you must make up your mind that she will spend half the money you give her, and tip the rest into her own pocket. It's understood; it's simply privileged robbery. I know a lady who has lived in Paris for years. Every week her servant comes to her and says all the coal has gone. The mistress knows quite well that only half the coal has gone, but she daren't say a word. . . . Phew!"

Dull

Montmartre.

"What's the whisky like?"  
"I don't know. I'm no judge of whisky. It seems excellent, but I daresay I'm wrong. This is the first whisky I've tasted since I left England. I wish I hadn't had it. I want to forget there is such stuff in the world as whisky. . . . Well, I suppose we must go up to Montmartre. There's nowhere else to go in this dreadful hole."

We hailed a cab. The driver landed us in the midst of blaring lights, screaming organs, whizzing aeroplanes, bounding horses, cracking rifles, bellowing showmen, laughing clowns, dancing ladies.

"This seems rather gay," I said.

"Glad you think so. I don't see anything particularly 'gay' about it. If I'd known all this rot was on, I wouldn't have come up here at all. Let's get out of it."

"Nonsense! I'm going to take you for a ride on an aeroplane."

"You'll do nothing of the sort!"

The fare was a penny each. We began slowly, but before long we were travelling so fast that our aeroplane swung right out over

the heads of the crowd. The sensation was delightful, but the Pessimist was furious.

#### "Ring the Bottle."

"Arrêtez!" he screamed, every time we passed the Conductor. "D'you hear me, you rascal? Arrêtez!"

The conductor grinned, nodded to the engineer, and upwards and onwards we went. "Not bad for a penny," I observed, when the ride was over.

"I feel as sick as a dog, if that's what you mean, besides having risked my life for nothing. You don't know your Paris, or you wouldn't have trusted yourself in one of those blessed boats for any money. I don't suppose the cords and rivets are overhauled once in a year. No more silly games of that sort, if you please."

We were passing a most inviting-looking side-show. There were dozens and dozens of champagne standing in rows. For twenty-five centimes you got twelve rings. If you threw a ring over the neck of a bottle, the champagne was yours. If you failed, you were still to the good, having had the fun of trying.

"Let's do this," I said.

The Pessimist shrugged his shoulders.

"If you like, my friend. But you won't win anything; and, if you do, the champagne won't be fit to drink."

#### A Moment of Real Excitement.

We were soon working away like madmen. It was not half so easy as it looked. I came to the wise conclusion that the spaces between the bottles were very large. Presently a chuckle burst from the Pessimist.

"Done it?" I screamed.

"Not yet, but he's given us another lot of rings for nothing."

On we went. Then a brilliant idea came to me. If one threw the rings high into the air, they would bound from one neck to another, perhaps, and finally settle around a bottle. To my amazement, the plan succeeded. I had won a bottle of champagne. The man handed me the bottle, and the Pessimist clapped me on the back, telling me, in his excitement, that I was his friend. But there was a blow to fall.

"You owe me another fifty centimes," said the man.

"Nothing of the sort," said the Pessimist. "Your notice runs as follows—'To win a bottle you must pass the ring completely round the neck of the bottle.' My friend has done that. We owe you nothing. We shall pay you nothing. You're a swindler, Sir!"

The man, however, persisted. It was evident that he was very much in earnest. A crowd gathered. The Pessimist harangued it in strange French.

#### A Dreary Finish.

In order to bring the scene to a fittingly dramatic conclusion, I pulled the bottle from my pocket and slapped it down on the counter.

Next, with shoulders indignantly hunched, I marched away, the Pessimist following.

"I'm glad you did that," he said. "That's the way to treat these vermin. I knew they'd never let you walk off with a bottle of champagne, even though you won it perfectly fairly, as you did."

"It was rather cheek to demand fifty centimes for the actual bottle."

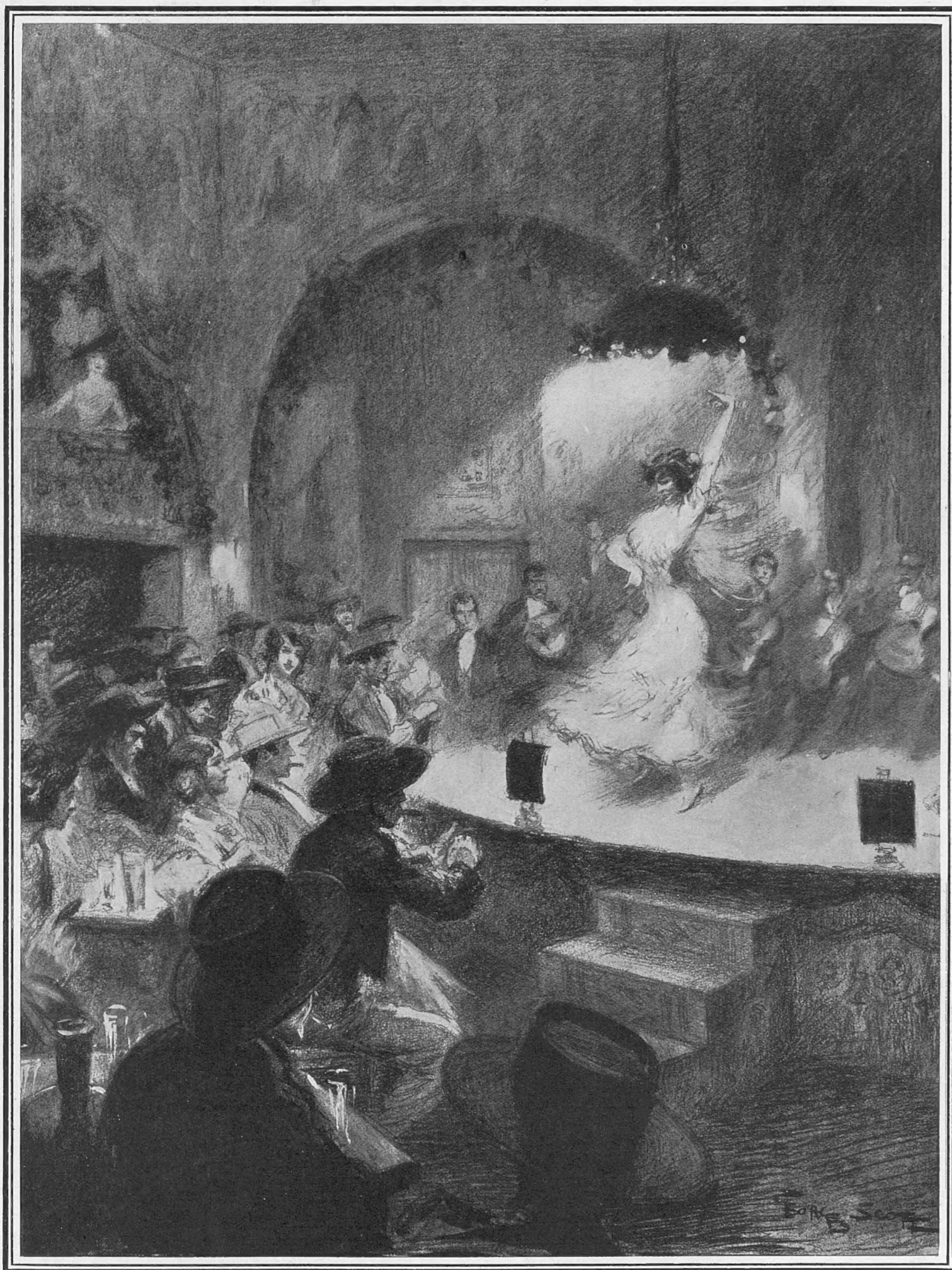
"Oh, he wasn't doing that. He wanted fifty centimes for the second lot of rings. Scoundrel!"

I stopped short. "In that case, he was right. I didn't understand."

"He was *not* right. These rascals are never right. . . . I say, I'm frightfully thirsty. It's the whisky. I suppose we must have some more. Can't get it up here, though. Rank poison. Nothing for it but to return to that wretched bar you showed me. Come on. Hang everything and everybody. Cocher!"

## A SPANISH DANCING-HALL ON A FRENCH STAGE

(AUDIENCE AND ALL).

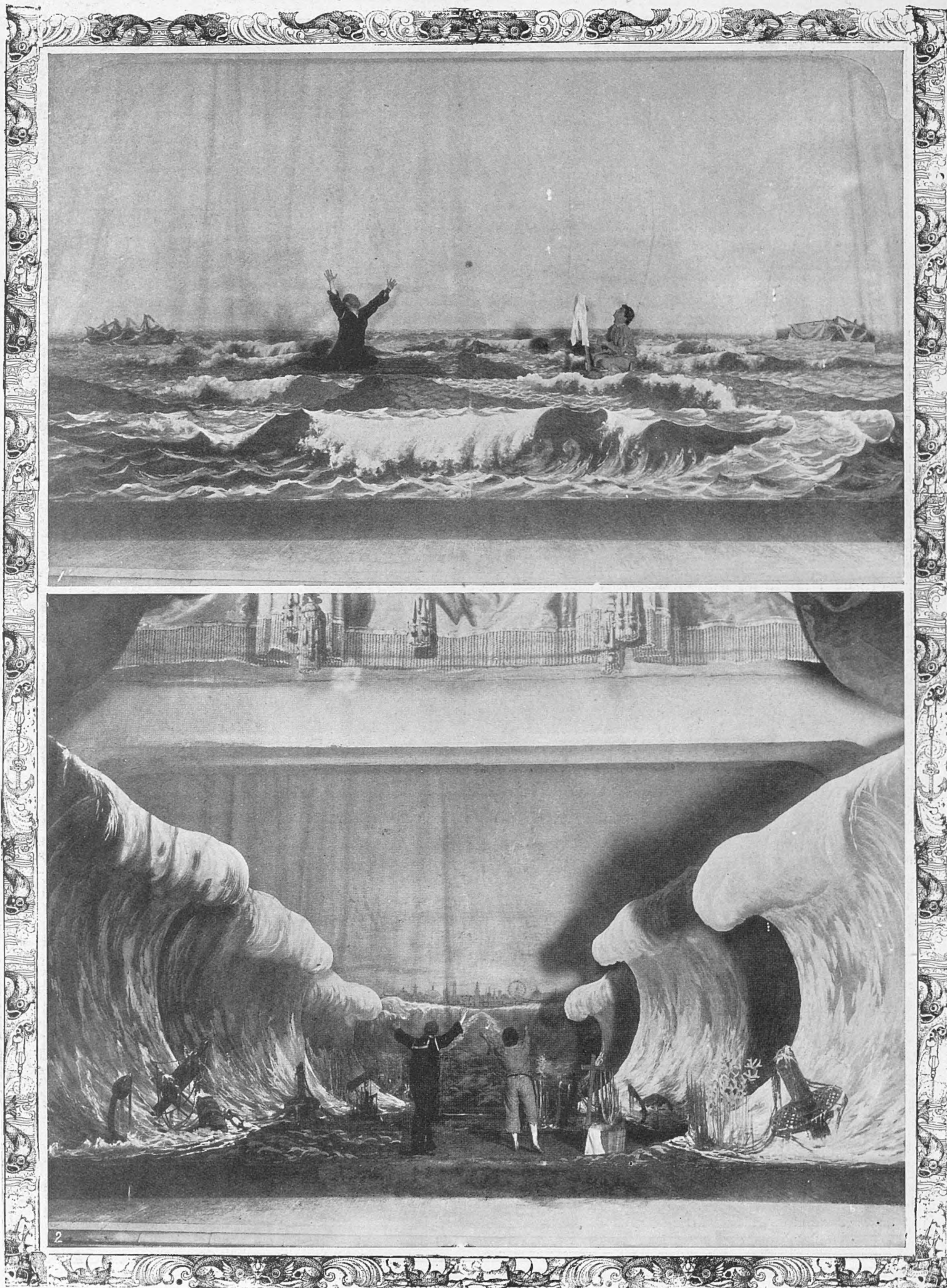


A DANCE BEFORE A DOUBLE AUDIENCE: Mlle. POLAIRE RENDERING A "PETENERA," AS ESTRELLA IN "CANTO Y BAILE FLAMENCO."

Our Drawing illustrates one of the most brilliant and animated scenes in "Canto y Baile Flamenco," which is being given at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris. Scenery, costumes, and play combine to make a whole that is as picturesque as it is fascinating. We are taken to Spain, and what a Spain!—the most vividly coloured, the most passionate, the most living of all Spains, the Spain of "Canto y Baile Flamenco," of music and of dance. In brief, we are transported to one of the dancing-halls of Cadiz. This "maison de danses" is kept by one Ramon and his mother, once the famous "star" Tomasa. It is the evening of the début of a new dancer, Estrella, once Tomasa's servant, in whom has been revealed, suddenly, great talent. The gaily dressed audience on the stage applaud the bewitching ballerina frantically, for has she not eyes and hair as black as the raven's wing, lips that are as red as blood, and does she not twist and turn and pirouette, now with the fury of a whirlwind, then languorously, stealthily? The hearts of three are stirred to their depths, and the jealousy of these three provides the subject of the drama.

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT.

# SHIPWRECKED IN A THEATRE: STAGE WAVES AND THEIR ACCOMPANIMENTS, IN AMERICA.



1. AFTER THE WRECK: WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE.

2. REHEARSING A DISASTER AT SEA: THE GREAT SHIPWRECK SCENE IN THE MAKING.

The old stage shipwreck, with its palpably imitation vessel and its green-baize waves agitated by supers, has of late years had to give way before newer "spectacles." The stage shipwreck of to-day is a remarkably realistic affair, as His Majesty's and Drury Lane have shown us. Now comes the disaster in the American music-hall sketch "Shipwrecked" to prove the point once more. The sketch is presented by Mr. J. L. Lasky.—[Photographs by White.]

# IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF HERNE THE HUNTER: THE KING AND KING MANUEL SHOOTING IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK.



1. THE KING WALKING TO THE COVERTS.

2. THE KING AND KING MANUEL ON THEIR SHOOTING-PONIES.

3. THE KING TAKING A DIFFICULT BIRD.

4. A CHAT BEFORE THE BEGINNING OF THE SPORT—THE PRINCE OF WALES ON THE EXTREME LEFT, THE KING IN THE CENTRE, KING MANUEL ON THE RIGHT.

5. KING MANUEL SHOOTING.

6. KING MANUEL (IN HIS SHOOTING-GLASSES) WAITING FOR A BIRD TO RISE.

A feature of the King of Portugal's stay at Windsor has been shooting in Windsor Great Park.

**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**

Proprietor and Manager, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.  
TO-MORROW, THURSDAY, Nov. 25, will be produced **BEETHOVEN**.  
Followed by **A RUSSIAN TRAGEDY**.  
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EASTBOURNE BEXHILL ST. LEONARDS HASTINGS	Trains leave Victoria 9.40 a.m., 12 noon, 1.25, 3.20, 5.20, 6.45, and 9.50 p.m.; also London Bridge 9.55 and 11.50 a.m., 1.15, 2, 4.5, 5.5, 7, and 9.13 p.m. Also Trains to Eastbourne only from Victoria 11.15 a.m. (Sats. only), 4.30, 5.45, and 7.40 p.m., London Bridge 7.45 p.m.
LITTLEHAMPTON BOGNOR HAYLING ISLAND PORTSMOUTH SOUTHSEA ISLE OF WIGHT	Trains leave Victoria 6.20*, 10.25*, and 11.25* a.m., 1.42*, 3.55*, 4.53, and 7.20 p.m.; London Bridge 6.35*, 10.25*, and 11.20* a.m., 1.50*, 4, 4.50*, and 7.18 p.m. * These Trains have Isle of Wight connection

Details of Superintendent of Line, London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, London Bridge.

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**An Art Student's Reminiscences of Paris in the Eighties.** Shirley Fox. Illustrated by John Cameron. 20s. 6d. net.  
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**TO AUTHORS.**—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

**TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.**—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

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Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

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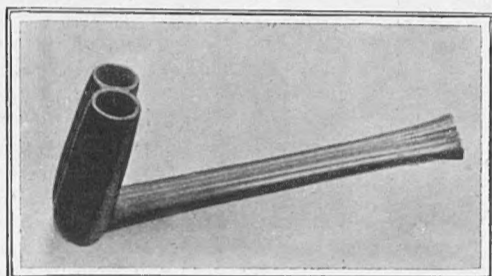
# BRUMMELL

## IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

### The Actress Type.

Still love-business, bless you very much. Oh, but yes. Nothing like exhausted yet. Goin', b'Jove and b'George, stronger than ever. I have arrived at Number Five. And when I say that Number Five is an Actress, that Number Five is the Actress Type, get ready for some very hot things. And when I say that Number Five is an actress I don't necessarily mean the Leading Actress, the Understudy, the Walker On, or the Young Person who may be seen tripping through Trafalgar Square towards the wilds of the Strand, with Maxim hat on the back of her head tied down by a motor-veil, accompanied by the pimply type of youth in the skin-tight trousers and the abortive sock, with the bizarre tie and the hairy hair. What I do mean by an actress is both the professional and amateur in dramatics, the lady who acts on the boards and the lady who acts in the home. In short, the Actress Type. For, mind you, there are as many actresses off the



THE VERY THING TO HAVE WHEN YOU BORROW TOBACCO: A DOUBLE-BARRELLED PIPE.

The correspondent who sends us this photograph writes: "The pipe is cut out of a solid piece of very hard wood, and has two bowls. Each bowl is 3 in. deep and gives a very long smoke indeed. Although I have sometimes seen single bowls of the same kind, I only once saw a double one, and it was very much smaller. The length of the pipe is 7½ in."—[Photograph by K. F. Wilson.]

stage as there are on it, and that, I am given to understand, is sayin' a good deal. Now the Actress Type of woman, to grapple with the subject, is one who turns on metaphorical footlights even before she rises from her downy couch and proceeds to the preliminary business of the day, is one—and I feel that I am becomin' almost statesmanlike in my windiness—who, although alone, has a full house in her room, composed of critics,

first-nighters, programme-sellers, commissionaires, and those other harmless, necessary people who form a line along the back of the stalls and applaud enthusiastically at the right moments without enthusiasm. Everything done by her, therefore, is done for effect. Instinctively, trained or untrained, her day is a play in which she is takin' the leadin' part. Generally she is a Lady Gwendoline Thing, and always she is the Persecuted Heroine. Every man's hand is against her. And her dresses are dreams. She divides off everyone who comes into her life into the several stage types. Her father, therefore, is heavy and her mother frivolous. Her brother, although he may be a perfectly well-conducted young person, with a seat in the bank, is the Wild Younger Son. And her men friends are of course Vil-

lains, Heroes, and Funny Men. I mean that she lives in a self-made atmosphere of utter unreality. Unreal herself, though quite unaware of the fact, everyone else is unreal. She and they are the sawdust products of the playwright's brain. I don't mean to say, mind you, that she does not perform in a highly respectable manner the day's small duties. Like all

the women who belong to the Actress Type, with an exception here and there, she is ultra-respectable, ultra-refined, always the Little Lady, bless you. What I do mean to say is that all her little duties are elevated by her into dramatic events. Every day, if I may say so, is a First Night. D'you follow me?

### Recreate Yourself.

Is it necessary for me to point out, then, how difficult it is to make love to a creature of this sort, how essential it is to be, when in her presence, no Ordinary Person? If by any chance you should be indiscreet enough to fall in love with a member of the Actress Type, you must at once throw off the manners and the ways of the ordinary person, and become a playwright. You must recreate yourself. You must manufacture yourself into a New Being, modelled on one of the Leading Characters from some other playwright's plays. You must conduct yourself in the manner of one or other of the actor-managers, and, according to your physique, become a Lewis Waller, a George Alexander, and so forth and so on. Am I makin' myself clear? You must endeavour to imitate their peculiarities, tricks of manner, and facial expression. Of course, you must never talk the language of the ordinary man. You must talk the language of plays. Even when commentin' on the weather, or handin' the cake, or hailin' a cab, you must be emotional, epigrammatic, impressive.

### Make Yourself a Babblin' Cypher.

If this is so, and indeed it is, how much more emotional must you be when makin' love to the lady—I mean, when sayin' lover-like things. The plain man's "I love you" would seem to her to be banal, gauche, inappropriate. You must never say less than "I worship, I adore." And, indeed, you must say more even than this, and, when sayin' it, you must never stand. Oh, no; oh, but no. You must kneel, grovel. And you must add all the things that you have mugged up from the poets—Swinburne for choice, Byron as a second string. Beyond that, you must dish up whole paragraphs from the books of nature-writers, and bring in the footling verses from the drawin'-room ballad-monger's foolish songs. And remember this. All the time that you are under the sway of the Actress Type your



THE FOOTBALLER WHO REFUSED TO PLAY FOR ENGLAND, MR. A. C. L. CLARKE.

Mr. Clarke, who is a lieutenant in the Scottish Rifles, refused to play for England in the amateur match, under Football Association control, against Ireland, sympathising entirely, with the Amateur Football Association, and not caring for the Football Association form of government.

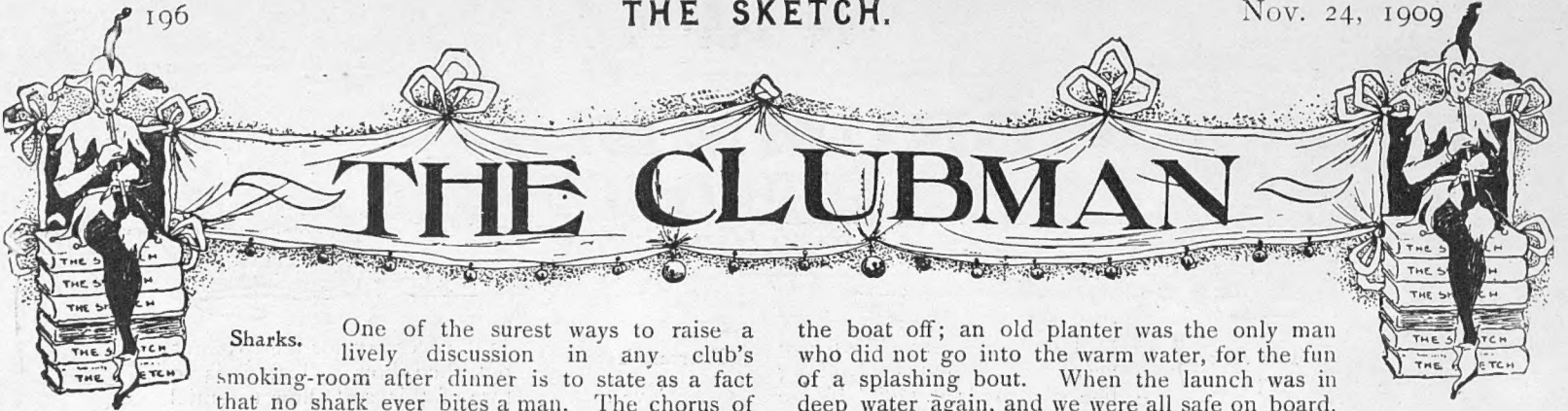
Photograph by Sports Company.



NEW FIGURES IN A DANCE: STRANGE PARTNERS AT A BALL IN SINGAPORE. These figures lent peculiar interest to a ball recently given at Singapore, and danced with the best of them.

ambitions to become an actual playwright—ever make love to the Actress Type. With her more than with any other woman, you give all and get nothing, which is a mistake. To fall in love with the Actress Type means that you naturally acquire many bad tricks, and you will find it difficult to get out of them.

soul must not be your own. You must be prepared to make yourself a babblin' cypher. You must be, in short, an automatic-sweet-machine, filled with compartments in which repose toffies and chocolates, raisins and fly-biscuits, out of which she may get her necessary small packets free, gratis, and for nothing. Don't, therefore, I beg of you—unless, of course, you harbour, if I may say so, am-



**Sharks.** One of the surest ways to raise a lively discussion in any club's smoking-room after dinner is to state as a fact that no shark ever bites a man. The chorus of

derision with which this statement is met can be countered by a challenge to anyone present to say if he has himself seen a man who has been bitten by a shark. I myself have never met a man who is prepared to say that he has seen a man seized by a shark or that he has seen a man who has been bitten by a shark. The nearest approach in my travels to seeing any shark tragedy was when a Malay, one cold winter day, went overboard off Japan and disappeared, though due search was made for him by the ship's boats. "Taken by sharks" was the general verdict of passengers and crew, and only the doctor suggested cramp as an alternative. At Aden, where the diving-boys splash about with a shark's fin showing above the water not a hundred yards distant from them, I was assured once that, a week before we arrived there, a shark had breakfasted on one of the lads, and a one-armed beggar who stood by the landing-place used to appeal to charity as having been mauled by one of the tigers of the sea; but neither the story of the shark and the boy nor the mendicant's stump of an arm would be accepted as evidence in a law court.

"La Seyne."

But the tragedy of *La Seyne* gives, I am sorry to say, ample proof that sharks do maul unfortunate seamen who come within their reach, for many of the survivors of the crew of the ill-fated vessel have been very badly bitten. The Straits of Rheo, where the collision occurred, are just outside the Island of Singapore, and vessels bound for the Dutch Indies all pass through them. The Malays have no doubt as to the man-eating greed of sharks, and both they and the Europeans in the Straits Settlements protect with a strong palisading the water where they take their baths. Alligators are the other foes that the Malay in the water fears, and there are numberless stories of the great saurians dragging children down when they were crossing shallow rivers or bathing from the beach. Once, returning from a picnic on an island in the same Rheo Straits, the steam-launch on board of which I was ran aground on a coral reef. All the young Englishmen on board jumped overboard to push

the boat off; an old planter was the only man who did not go into the warm water, for the fun of a splashing bout. When the launch was in deep water again, and we were all safe on board, he said to us—"You may laugh at me as an old fool, but when you have lived as many years in the Straits as I have, and have seen as many sharks in these waters as I have seen, you will come to the same conclusion that I have—that it is safer to be inside a boat than outside one."



WHERE HORSES ARE NOT PERMITTED TO FISH: A CURIOUS NOTICE NEAR CHICAGO.

It will be seen that the announcement reads: "Five dollars fine for horses crossing or fishing on this bridge," a form of wording that suggests that warning in a certain district in England which runs, roughly, as follows: "Anyone passing this gate without having paid the toll or insulting the toll-keeper will be fined."

Photograph by A. Inkersley.

**Unlucky Jewels.**

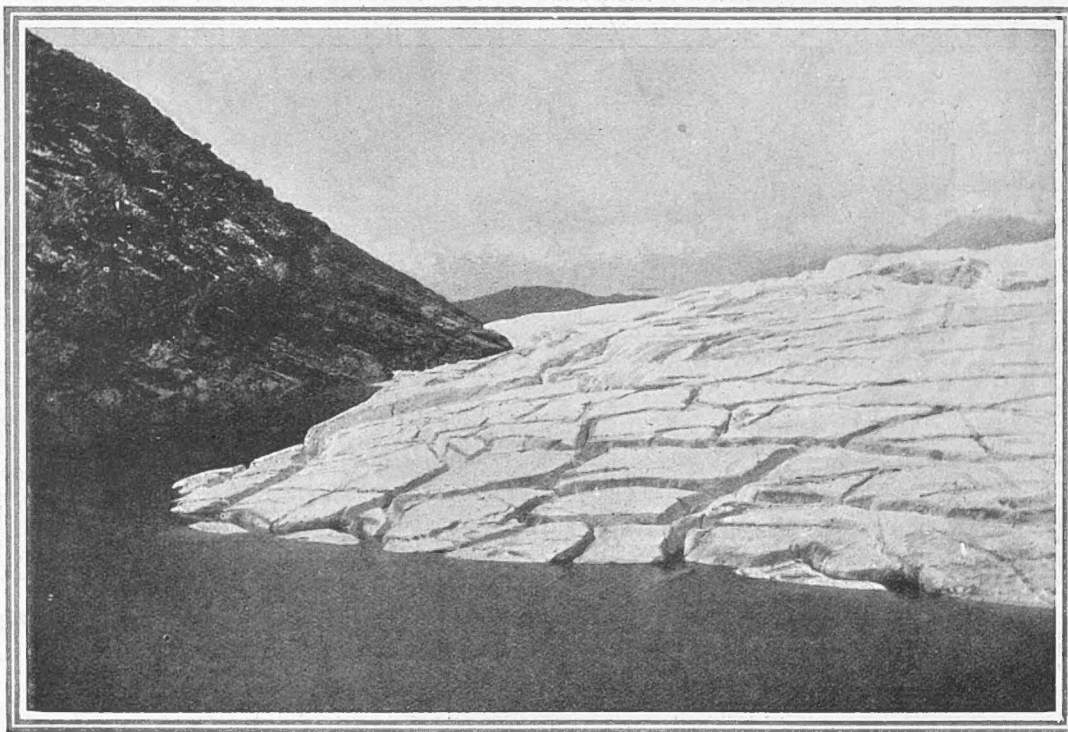
If the Hope Blue Diamond has gone down with its owner in the Straits of Rheo, as a result of the shipwreck of the *Seyne*, it would seem that the end of the story of a stone which has brought great misfortune to many people has been reached. It would be well to let the stone remain on the sand and coral of the warm tropical sea. Marie Antoinette, the Princess de Lamballe, and Madame de Montespan all wore the blue stone, and their misfortunes are now history. A French actress had the jewel in her corsage on the evening she was shot by a jealous Russian lover, and when the stone was in the possession of the ex-Sultan its guardian was strangled at his post. These are a few of the people to whom the stone has brought disaster. The Hope Diamond must be an exception, for blue stones are, as a rule, considered lucky. The old rhyme runs—

Oh, green is forsaken, and yellow  
forsworn,  
But blue is the sweetest that ever  
was worn.

In the East, emeralds are believed to have malevolent qualities, not so much to the wearer of them as to his or her enemies.

A poison prepared in a hollowed-out emerald has always been considered in India to be quite sure in its effects, and I

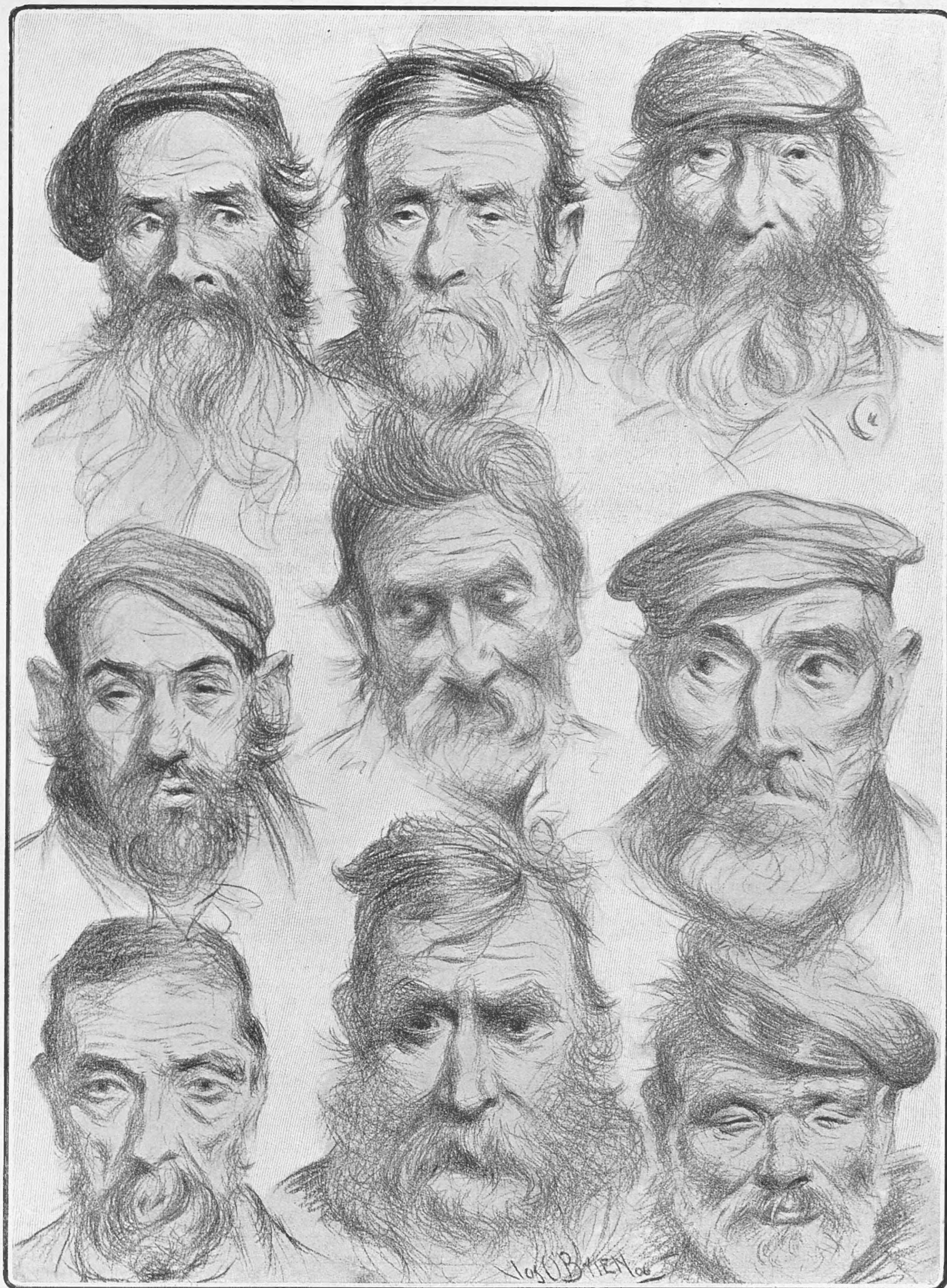
know of a little emerald cup, a most valued possession of an Indian Rajah, which in the days of his ancestors held the dust of crushed diamonds, which, when put into the food of a guest, was supposed to eat through his intestines and kill him. The most curious change of a stone from being a bearer of ill-luck to a bearer of good luck is the opal. The opal in the East has always been considered a very lucky stone, but in England till modern times there has always been a prejudice against it; but the opal has now been accepted by the ladies of England as a fortune-bringing stone.



A LAKE THAT IS NO LONGER A LAKE: THE ALPINE LAKE OF MARJELEN.

Recently, this Alpine lake, which is at the base of the Eggishorn and Faulberg Mountains, pierced the Aletsch Glacier and poured the whole of its contents into the gorges of the Massa Stream. Every seven years or thereabouts the lake has sent its superfluous waters over the glacier, but the present phenomenon puzzles the Swiss scientists. Roughly, the lake is a mile and a half long by 600 yards wide. It is at an altitude of 7716 feet.

NO-GOODS OR MIGHT-BE-GOODS? THE FACES OF THE NIGHT.



VICTIMS OF OUR SOCIAL SYSTEM OR OF THEIR OWN FAULTS? MEN OF THE UNDER-WORLD.

Great attention is being called at the moment to those men and women who night by night are to be seen on the Embankment, sleeping on the seats or under the archways, and it is being asked whether, in reality, these people are results of our social system or merely wastrels. There are some who argue, for instance, that the chief cause of the nightly appearance of these people on the Embankment is the charity that is there distributed.

DRAWN BY J. O'BRIEN.



MR. RONALD MUIR-MACKENZIE, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS FELICITY ROMILLY.

Mr. Muir-Mackenzie is the eldest son of Sir John Muir-Mackenzie, K.C.S.I., member of the Council of the Bombay Government.

Photograph by Beresford.

friendly; and the present Duke—always a favourite with the King—has added to its creature comforts. It was Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower who twenty years ago made Eaton Hall the scene of an informal process of canonisation. That was when he heard Lady Grosvenor (the Duke's mother) playing on the organ in the library there—that beautiful room was then unfurnished. "To hear and see Sibell playing is like seeing and hearing another St. Cecilia," he said. Lady Grosvenor still loves the part; and she and Mr. George Wyndham will be of the party at Eaton during his Majesty's visit—politics permitting.



MISS MARY ELEANOR THURSBY AND MAJOR HERBERT ROBERTS, WHOSE MARRIAGE IS TO TAKE PLACE TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY).

Miss Mary Eleanor Thursby is the younger daughter of the late Sir John Hardy Thursby, Bt. The wedding is to take place at St. John's Church, Worsthorne, near Burnley.—[Photographs by Lillie Charles and Lafayette.]



MISS FELICITY ROMILLY, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. RONALD MUIR-MACKENZIE. Miss Romilly is the youngest daughter of Mr. Samuel H. Romilly, and of the late Lady Arabella Romilly, and is a granddaughter of the late Earl of Southesk.

Photograph by Beresford.

Arms, Lord Denman, whose wife and wife's pearls are the feature of the Portrait-Painters' Exhibition, was congratulated on reaching the ripe age of thirty-five; and Queen Alexandra's private secretary, Mr. Sidney Greville, became forty-four on Tuesday. A Groom-in-Waiting, Mr. Henry Stonor, reached his half-century the following day; and Lord Liverpool still carried, metaphorically, the crumbs of his birthday-cake upon his waist-

coat. Indeed, King Manuel shook hands with so many celebrants that the cordial act was declared by a handy wit to be real Manuel labour.



MISS HENRIETTA E. NEWBOLT, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. F. H. RUSSELL, OF CAIRO.

Miss Newbolt is the elder daughter of the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt, Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Photograph by Ellen Macnaghten.

same, he is hardly as proud of his dwelling as of his pheasants, which provide, some say, the best shooting in England. And pheasant-shooting is his Majesty's favourite sport.

*The City King.* It is natural enough that the one Englishman to bulk very large in the imagination of foreign monarchs who visit London should be the Lord Mayor. They drive through miles of bunting to get at his dish of turtle, his lunch being by far the most imposing public function they attend. Nobody will grudge Sir John Knill his position, according to the Portuguese reading, very near to King Edward. It was a Spanish lady who, years ago, when she was shown a portrait of Lord Rosebery as the rising star in the

#### *Big House and Big Shoot.*

Another December haunt of his Majesty will be Milton Abbey, where Sir Everard Hambro is busily engaged in making ready for his guest. Many well-known and much belauded houses are mere cottages in comparison with Sir Everard's splendid place. It is sometimes said that it would take Sir Everard the best part of a year to sleep in all the rooms at Milton Abbey. All the



MISS EVELYN LEITH, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. PERCY BRUCE.

Miss Leith is a daughter of Major and Lady Mary Leith, of Petmathen, Aberdeenshire. Mr. Bruce is the second son of Sir Hervey Bruce, Bt., of Downhill, County Londonderry.—[Photograph by Bullingham.]

#### *Among Musicians.*

Lord and Lady Downshire, Lord Ailesbury, Lord Abinger, Lady Lister Kaye, and Sir Alfred and Lady Dent have been among the listeners to the new Russian band which is silencing the clatter of forks and the ripple of conversation at the hotel next door to Devonshire House. It was silence of another order that had greeted a band at a certain hotel on the Riviera, and the manager—the story goes—think-

ing the moment had arrived for economy and advice, wired to headquarters, "Band of sixteen, one guest." The answer came—"If guest is dissatisfied, engage four more musicians."



MISS GRIZEL PRATT-BARLOW, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. LOWRY A. C. COLE.

Mr. Cole is the only son of the late Hon. A. E. C. Cole, and is a grandson of the third Earl of Enniskillen.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

*Guests as Hosts.* Canford Manor, thrown into sudden mourning by the death of Mr. Montague Guest, was already singularly free from the festivities and hospitalities for which it is famous, Lord Wimborne's health being the cause of so much family anxiety. The Dorsetshire seat before it belonged to the Guests was the property of Lord de Maulay, and it is said that when that nobleman had agreed to the terms of purchase he received payment by means of a mere cheque casually sent to him under cover of the ordinary envelope and penny stamp. It was a cheque for £200,000.



MISS ELSIE MEYER, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. ST. JOHN MURRAY LAMBERT.

Miss Meyer is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Meyer, of 10, Stratton Street, and Shortgreve, Newport, Essex. Mr. Lambert is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Cowley Lambert, of 5, Egerton Gardens.—[Photographs by Lafayette.]



# ELECTRIC TREATMENT FOR HENS; TURKISH BATHS FOR DOGS;

AND OTHER "CURES" FOR THE BEASTS OF THE FIELD AND THE FOWLS OF THE AIR.

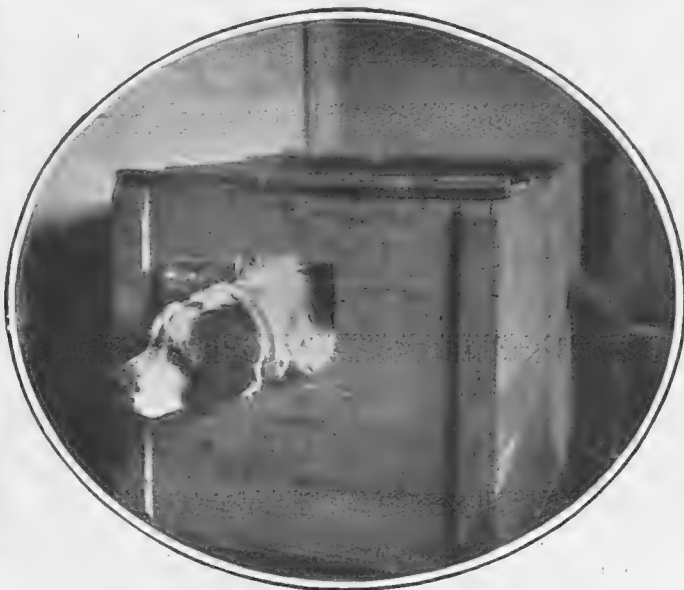
(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



A MUCH-BANDAGED BULL.



A MUCH-BANDAGED HORSE.



A DOG IN A TURKISH BATH.



A HORSE IN A RUSSIAN BATH.



A HEN IN BANDAGES.



A HEN AND A DOG UNDER ELECTRIC TREATMENT.

Our photographs, which were taken at an animals' hospital near Berlin, show that in many cases the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air are treated in their illnesses much as man is treated. Here we have, for instance, electricity playing its part in the curing of animals; and also Russian and Turkish baths.

## CROWNS-CORONETS COURTIERS



PRINCESS MAUD ALEXANDRA  
VICTORIA GEORGINA BERTHA  
OF FIFE.

Photograph by Downey.

Europe; on the other hand, there is left but one bachelor King, and but very few bachelor Princes in the direct line of sovereignty.

*The British Group.* Of marriageable Princesses the most eligible as regards rank, beauty, and accomplishments is undoubtedly Princess Patricia of Connaught. Her Royal Highness is not only niece to Edward VII., but she is sister to the future Queen of Sweden, and through her mother she is closely related to a vast host of royal and imperial German personages. Princess Patricia is a fine linguist and possesses a far stronger individuality than do most royal ladies of her age and rank. Yet another charming Princess of British birth whose name has been whispered in connection with a great alliance is Princess Alexandra of Fife. Her Highness only made her début this year, and has been very little seen in general society. She has been educated with the greatest care, and is a typical English and Scottish maid of high degree. As our Sovereign's eldest grandchild, and daughter of the Princess Royal, Princess Alexandra is a very great part-



PRINCESS THYRA LOUISE CAROLINE  
AMELIE AUGUSTA ELIZABETH OF  
DENMARK.

lie, the more so that she has no brothers, and will become in course of time Duchess of Fife in her own right. There are two important royal bachelors related to the King. The one is his favourite nephew, Prince Arthur of Connaught; the other, Prince Francis of Teck, the only unmarried brother of the Princess of Wales.

*Queen Alexandra's Niece.* Princess Thyra of Denmark is the most popular of marriageable Princesses in what may be called the German Matrimonial Confederation. She has her mother's sunny, happy nature, and from childhood upwards has been a special favourite with her British, Russian, and Greek cousins. The fact that she is Protestant would probably be a serious bar to Princess Thyra's marriage to the most important of royal bachelors. Both in

Denmark and in Sweden there are unmarried Princes for whom alliances will probably shortly be arranged; and in Russia the Tsar's only brother is still unwedded.

*Bavaria and Austria.*

Catholic Bavaria and Austria remain the best countries where maiden Princesses may be sought for by those whose difficult task it is to find brides for potentates. The Regent of Bavaria is the venerable chieftain of a great clan, and his group of granddaughters, with their curious, picturesque names—Wiltrude, Godelinde, Aldegunde—are related to the Hapsburgs by many a marriage and intermarriage. In Austria are many imperial bachelors, headed by the eldest son of the Archduke Otto, who will probably end his life as Emperor, though he is only a great-nephew of Francis Joseph, with three lives between himself and the throne. Italy has but one royal bachelor—the gallant Duke of the Abruzzi, whose engagement to an American heiress was so persistently rumoured not



PRINCESS DAGMAR LOUISE ELIZABETH  
OF DENMARK.

Photograph by Elfelt.

SOME MOST  
ELIGIBLE  
PRINCESSES.

long ago. Yet another imperial personage whose marriage is of great importance is the Grand Duke Boris, second son of the late Grand Duke Vladimir, and first cousin to the Tsar.

*A December Wedding.*

The engagement of Mr. George Francis Grey Gilliat to Lady Anglesey is

arousing much interest in Society, of which both the bride and the bridegroom are popular members. Lady Anglesey is the elder daughter of Sir George Chetwynd. Mr. Gilliat is a son of Mr. Howard Gilliat.

This reminds us, by the way, that, in a recent issue of *The Sketch*, a

slip of a contributor's pen caused the statement that Mr. George Gilliat is owner of Honington Hall, Shipston-on-Stour. As a matter of fact, Honington Hall belongs to Sir Grey H. d'E. Skipwith, the eleventh baronet, whose tenant Mr. Howard Gilliat is.

*Calling Names.* It is not always easy to know a libel from a compliment, but in the present period of ill-temper against titles it may be taken as an unkindness to call a Viscountess a "Countess." When Lady Ridley made her little speech a daily paper had the heading: "Countess's Wild Excursion into Political Oratory." That, though only a Viscountess, she has as much right as, say, Miss Asquith, the latest speaker, to express her views will not be disputed by anybody who has known her as the ablest hostess of Party parties in Carlton House Terrace.



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA VICTORIA  
ALBERTA EDWINA LOUISE OF  
FIFE.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



PRINCESS VICTORIA PATRICIA HELENA  
ELIZABETH OF CONNAUGHT.

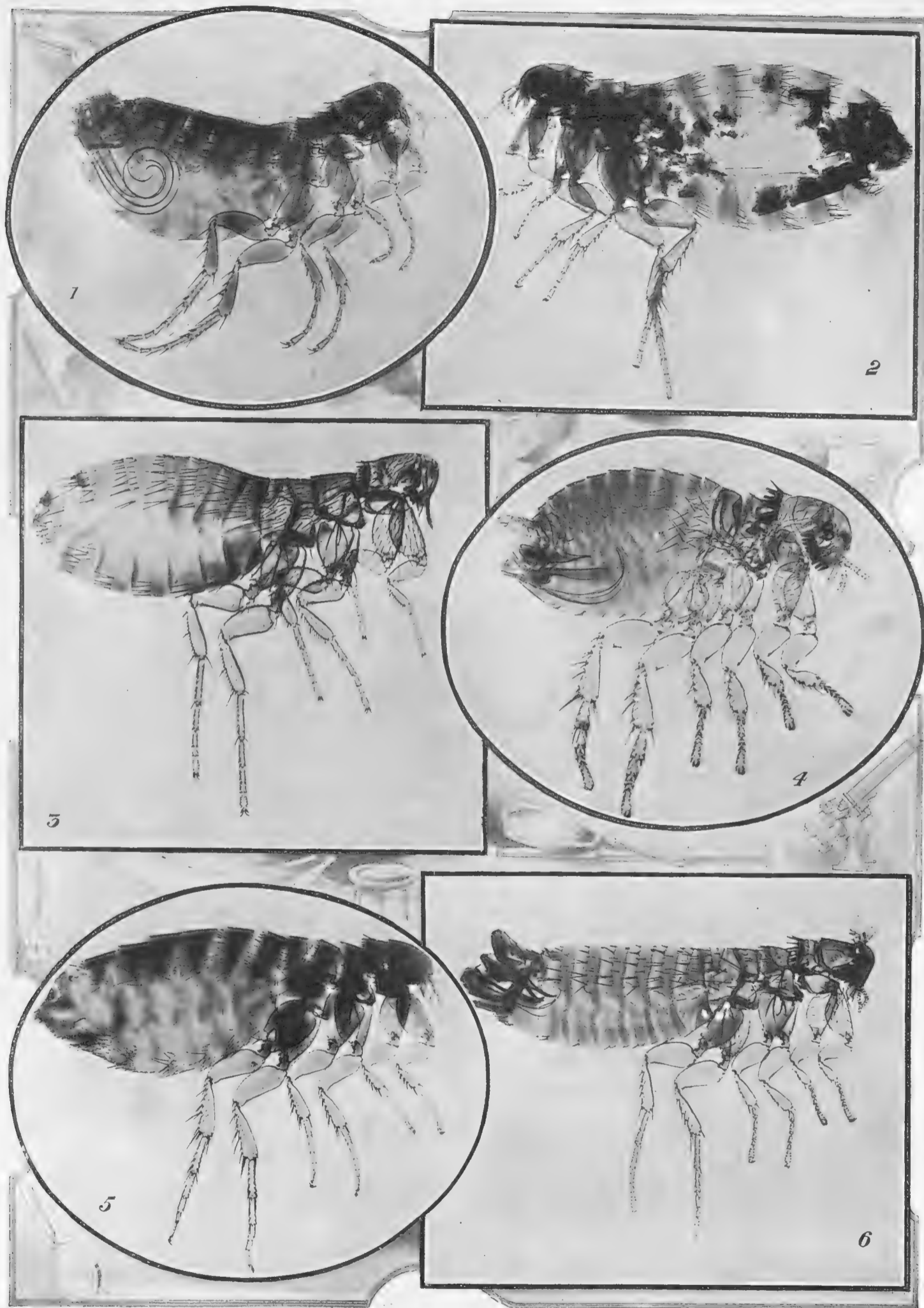
Photograph by Downey.



PRINCESS VICTORIA LOUISE ADELAIDE  
MATILDA CHARLOTTE OF PRUSSIA.

Photograph by Voigt

THIS COMES HOPPING—VARIETY WITHOUT ENTERTAINMENT.  
THE LESSERS: EVERY BIRD AND BEAST ITS OWN SHAPE OF FLEA.



1. THE FLEA OF THE SPARROW.

2. THE FLEA OF THE RAT.

3. THE FLEA OF THE MOUSE.

4. THE FLEA OF THE RABBIT.

5. THE FLEA OF THE SAND-MARTIN.

6. THE FLEA OF THE MOLE.

We have all heard that fleas are to be found in great variety, for "all the fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em, and little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*." Yet few realise, perhaps, that fleas are sought by collectors. A good flea when they die go to Tring, where Lord Rothschild has the most extraordinary collection of the order of fleas ever seen, or felt, by mortal man. The Hon. Charles Rothschild is the presiding genius of the fleaery, and has got together representatives of the order from all the ends of the earth. A man going into the wilds, if he will but search new fauna for new fleas, can pay his way by selling the insects at Tring. There ten thousand of the choicest fleas that ever battered upon bird or beast, to say nothing of the genus *homo*, recline in post-mortem luxury; but it would require an expert to say whether there is included a flea from the Arctic fox, for which Mr. Rothschild offered £1000. If there were but a sea-serpent and it had a flea! Well, there remains the okapi to be curried. There's money in it.—[Photographs by A. G. Smith.]

# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

(By E. F. S. (Monocle))

## An Afternoon with the Suffragettes.

At a matinée organised in aid of the funds of the Actresses' Franchise League and the Women Writers' Suffrage League we expect speeches from the stage. At one which took place lately at the Scala Theatre we certainly got them. Mrs. Mouillot, in "The Master," was frankly didactic. We were to be taught what a contemptible creature man is, and how patient, noble, and competent is woman. So we saw a worthless husband given to gambling and drink, supported by a long-suffering, hard-working wife. And in order that we might not miss the moral of it all, we saw a nice little girl suddenly converted into a Suffragette and an orator, and heard much argument, in which the "Antis" (which, apparently, is the technical term for the unconverted) put their points and were met each time by the neat and proper answer and routed. "The Pot and the Kettle," by Cicely Hamilton and Christopher St. John, was not quite so ferocious a piece of electioneering, though also very hard upon the "Antis," who were genially portrayed as comic snobs, almost converted by the mere mention of the daughter of a peer. There was more humour in this, and Miss Madge Titheradge acted very well, and Miss Elaine Inescort played quite delightfully; while Mr. C. W. Somerset, Miss Margaret Bussé, and Miss Adeline Bourne distinguished themselves in the other little play. "The Outcast," by Miss Beatrice Harraden and Miss Bessie Hatton, had more dramatic value. In this an old couple, on bad terms with one another and about to part, were visited by a wandering violinist. After treating him kindly they found he was the scoundrel who years before had brought their only son to ruin, so they turned him out into the rain; but they repented of their harshness, and were brought to see that they had something in common which made it worth their while to live together. There was merit in the piece, and it was well played by Mr. J. C. Beresford, Miss Elsie Chester, and Mr. O. P. Heggie.

## The Evergreen "East Lynne."

At the Lyceum multitudes are shedding tears over Lady Isabel and Little Willie in "East Lynne." At least, I hope they are shedding tears, for on the first night energy was chiefly expended on hissing the villain, Levison, and roaring at the comic elderly lady and the comic postman; and some of the solemn passages were also regarded as amusing. By this time the pathetic story is being treated respectfully, for the world is still full of simple souls. Mr. Eric Mayne has written this version, and he plays Levison with obvious enjoyment; and as Carlyle and Lady Isabel, Mr. Frederick Ross, and Miss Frances Dillon did all that was expected.

## More Suffragette Plays.

"Might is Right," at the Haymarket, now acting as a prelude to "Don," is another of the deluge

of "Woman's Rights" plays. When shall we have one dealing adequately with the subject? "Votes for Women," by Miss Elizabeth Robins, had one big act passing in Trafalgar Square, and few can have forgotten the magnificent performance of Mr. Edmund Gwenn as mob-orator. There was the "Press Cuttings" of "G. B. S.," concerning which the Censor made himself ridiculous. By-the-by, how very wrathful Mr. Redford's supporters are with the Censorship Committee, which at one time they regarded as a collection of Daniels come to judgment. I suppose, however, Parliament will be too busy with the Kilkenny cat game to do anything in the matter. Unlike Miss Robins, the formidable "G. B. S." did not write a partisan play. He always seems to be uttering Mercutio's phrase—"A plague o' both your houses." Still "Press Cuttings" had illuminating brilliances and withering phrases that killed current pieces of cant, and vivid, boisterous humours. Most of the other works have been party pamphlets disguised, more or less successfully, as drama. In "Might is Right" Miss Netta Syrett has avoided offence: you may be an "Anti" or a "Pro," and your withers will be unwrung. This is a bad start; we are not far enough from the burning question for placid plays about it. Not till women have got the vote will the real drama on the subject be written. I suppose they will get it during the next ten years, for after the Conservatives have turned Home Rulers in order to carry Tariff Reform, alias Protection, they will chuck the vote to women (as gracefully as one chucks a bone to a barking dog), in the hope of using them as a bulwark against Socialism. There will be strong dramas in real life when husband and wife are keen about politics, and each has a vote, save when they adopt the obviously appropriate course of "pairing."



A REMARKABLE MAKE-UP: A HUNGARIAN AS A JAPANESE.

Our photograph shows Mr. Julius Hegedüs, of the Budapest Vígsház, in the new sensational drama, "Typhon," by Mr. Melebio Lengyel. Mr. Hegedüs is one of the best-known actors in Hungary, and created the part of the Devil in Mr. Molnar's play of that name.

## Miss Syrett's Piece.

Ever since "The Finding of Nancy," with a superb, unforgettable first act, we have been waiting curiously for "The Finding of Netta." She has hardly found herself in "Might is Right," an amusing little farce,

and no more, about the capture of a bachelor Premier by the Suffragettes, and his detention, to be continued until he promises the vote, and his conversion by the force of love. It is laughable, but not exciting, and the dramatic element is thin. Still, we were amused, and had some excellent acting to enjoy, notably the clever work of Mr. Trevor Lowe as the young Premier, the charming performance of Miss Amy Brandon Thomas as the President—great things may fairly be expected from her—and a touching little semi-pathetic scene by Miss Gillian Scaife. Moreover, everybody ought to see "Don," an admirable, interesting comedy, superbly acted.



A HUNGARIAN ACTOR AS A JAPANESE DOCTOR: MR. JULIUS HEGEDÜS AS DR. TOKERAMO IN "TYPHON."

"Typhon" treats of a possible Yellow Peril; contrasts European and Japanese culture; and is placed in Berlin.

Photographs by Martonfy.

BY A TEN - SHILLING - A - LINER : A £250 DRAWING.



CHARLES DANA GIBSON'S RETURN TO BLACK AND WHITE: "THE PEACH-BASKET."

It may be recalled that some time ago Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, creator of the Gibson girl, decided to abandon black-and-white work in favour of painting. He is, of course, still working in oils with much success; but he has been persuaded to produce some more pictures in the style that first made him famous. For these new black-and-white drawings, Mr. Dana Gibson is paid remarkable prices; for this one, for instance he received £250. Another example of Mr. Gibson's work appears in the current "Illustrated London News"; this shows the artist's attitude towards the Suffragette question.

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON; COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY "COLLIER'S WEEKLY"; BRITISH SERIAL RIGHTS THE PROPERTY OF THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" AND "SKETCH."



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

### Thus Spake the Prophet.

It is fifty years to-day since "The Origin of Species" was published, and the anniversary is being appropriately celebrated at the British Academy. If Darwin could but have pictured the triumph of his views, with what zest and courage he would have attacked the remainder of his work! There never was a more modest soul among the great. What pathetic humility there is in his note to L. J. Vell: "Remember that your verdict will probably have more influence than my book." The history of the great controversy which followed constitutes the most exciting chapter in the development of modern thought. But it makes us doubt the value of contemporary criticism. It almost broke the spirit of Darwin, and made him wish that he had never written his book. Even eleven years afterwards he was keenly feeling the malignity of his critics, and cried to Russel Wallace: "I feel sick of everything, and if I could occupy my time and forget my daily discomforts, or rather

### Our Dishonoured Flag.

The shameful attempt upon the life of Lord and Lady Minto may well enhance the fears of our fellow-countrymen in restless India. Even so, it is well to trace effect back to cause before committing oneself to views of the alarmist type. There would have been a panic in Calcutta some few years ago but for the zoologists. The flag that waved so bravely over Belvedere, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, suddenly disappeared, and there was at first no man to explain how the outrage had happened. The first thought was that the insult was the work of some disloyal native leader, perhaps of some dangerous secret faction. Under Russian rule the native quarters would have been raided, and half a cityful of men deported. But the "Zoo" furnished the detective and the explanation. The culprit was one of the man-like apes, a gibbon, which for years had been free to go wheresoever he would in and about the Gardens. He had taken a short cut



A PICTURE THAT CONTAINS OVER A THOUSAND FIGURES AND FIVE HUNDRED VEHICLES: PART OF THE GREAT DIORAMA, "TOUT PARIS IN THE AVENUE DU BOIS," BY SEM AND ROUBILLE.

Under this interesting title Sem and Roubille, those masters of caricature, are just exhibiting, at the Brunner Gallery, a diorama which is a living and animated reproduction of the Avenue du Bois during the week of the Grand Prix. This diorama is twelve metres in length, and shows over a thousand people, horses, carriages, automobiles. There are five hundred vehicles, some riders, habitués of the Allée des Poteaux, and on the footpath are nurses, children playing, soldiers, and well-known characters of Tout Paris. This illustration looks exactly like a snapshot taken on a Sunday in the Bois.

miseries, I would never publish another word." Darwin did well to delay his birth until after the extinction of the fires of Smithfield.

### Giving England Beans.

Ours is a thoughtless and credulous age, we think, when the Bodes buy modern work as the production of old masters; when the Bodies defy the innocuous "cage of death"; when college hoaxes college, and brilliant journalists join errant philosophers in having their legs pulled by "Spiritualists." Well, we are no worse than our fathers. While the battle was waged around Darwinism, others, looking for signs and wonders and portents of ill in those revolutionary days, shook the heavens with the tale of rebellious beans. Nature had revolted against something or other, and all the beans had grown on the wrong side of the pod! A first-rate botanist drew the attention of Darwin to the matter, and the story ran, by way of the provincial Press, from end to end of the country. Darwin consulted his gardener. "Oh, no, Sir, that's a mistake; the beans grow on the wrong side only in leap years," was the answer. Which was the right side and which the wrong? The man did not know. Then the botanist aforesaid consulted the grave and shaken farmers who had first put up the story, but they did not know right side from wrong. And all England had to ask itself the same question and give the like reply. No matter, in that year of fearful wonders, "all the beans grew on the wrong side," and so any country grandsire to-day will tell you.

to Belvedere by way of the telegraph-wires. Now, there were two females of his species in the "Zoo," but they were caged apart, and he could do no more than exchange confidences with them through the bars. Perhaps it was to get even with the authorities who isolated him that he thus avenged himself by an attack upon the national flag.

### Another Awful Warning.

The *Punch* artist who portrayed for us the other day the frightful effects of the nut diet upon the rising generation might have taken a peep into Frank Buckland's diary of events in real life. The naturalist discovered a small boy who "monkeyed" it in right good earnest for six weeks. He contracted the habit after a night at a pantomime where monkeys were much in evidence. Next morning he would not eat at table, but insisted on breakfasting on all fours on the floor. He carried his food to his nose and smelt it, just as a monkey does, before eating it. He gave himself over to climbing trees, and throwing down boughs and grinning at the people below. When his father tried to correct him, the boy, with splendid fidelity to his part, flew at and bit him right heartily in the calf, and repeated the favour in the case of his brothers and sisters, with the least provocation. That boy would have made a fortune in the hands of a Barnum. As it was, being allowed gradually to recover his merely human ways, he was quite wasted.

*Science Jottings—By “Dr.” W. Heath Robinson (D—L—).*



II.—TESTING GOLD WITH THE “UNCLE” MAGNET, AT THE MINT.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



"Bearded Like the Pard"—Obviously. The fact that Mr. Alexander is wearing a beard in his new part of "Lorrimer Sabiston, Dramatist," has excited many comments, not only among the great body of the admirers of his acting, but in certain quarters in the Press. The interest for readers of this page in particular lies in the fact that in the first part Mr. Alexander played at the St. James's Theatre—when, as a very young man, he was engaged by Messrs. Hare and Kendal—he also wore a beard. The part was the French lover, De Riel, in "Impulse," and, with the zeal of youth, instead of merely putting on a beard for the part, he grew his own. That gave him the opportunity of discovering a new reading of the proverb, "Truth is stranger than fiction." When the play was produced, one of the critics, while joining in the universal chorus of praise of his performance, strongly recommended the young actor to study the art of make-up, declaring that his beard was the worst the writer had ever seen, and was utterly unlike anything in nature!

"None of the So Deaf," most Etc.

tragic contratemps which possibly ever occurred on the stage happened to Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn, the Chairman of the Council of the Play Actors, who are producing a new play, "The Lesser Evil," at the Court on Sunday evening next. At that time he was acting the villain in "The Fatal Card," one of the Adelphi dramas. In one scene the villain, with his accomplice, breaks into an office to steal certain bonds, and, incidentally, murders their owner. As they are on the point of leaving, the hero, who had had a conversation with the murdered man, his father, and had gone away, returns to renew the

over, and he fell on the floor. The back of the chair was smashed, and it was with some difficulty he struggled to his feet, making no inconsiderable noise in doing so. Naturally, the audience laughed long and loudly. The laughter increased when the hero said to the servant, "What was that?" It increased still more when, silence having been restored, the servant in her turn asked, "What was what?" It crescendoed as the leading man exclaimed, "Didn't your hear anything?" and it burst double fortissimo when the servant, with supreme negation of her ears, and a supremely regard for her lines, exclaimed, "No, Sir." Part of the audience cheered, strong men had hysterics, weak women fainted, the curtain fell, and Mr. Llewellyn—received a fortnight's notice to leave the company.

Tears—But Not Idle Tears.

To deceive the public into believing that fiction is fact is the mission of the actor, as it is the desire of the public to be so deceived. It is rare, however, for a stage-manager to be taken in by fact and to be under the impression

that it is mere fiction. Such an experience, however, belongs to Miss Blanche Stanley, who is acting at the Lyceum in "East Lynne." In the equally well-known play of "Lost in London" there is a scene representing a coal-mine, into which one of the characters has to descend in the cage to take the news that the wife of the man working there has fled. Miss Stanley played that part. Before the scene began she had to get into the cage, which was drawn up into the flies, in order to be

let down when the cue came, so that she might carry her tidings of disaster to the unsuspecting hero. The first night she played the part, either through lack of

care or lack of thought, when the cage was taken up, it was stopped against one of the gas battens running across the flies. The lighted gas set fire to Miss Stanley's hair, which blazed up and scorched her forehead badly, causing her, as may be imagined, acute agony and bringing the tears into her eyes. At length, the cue did come and the cage went down with the actress, tortured with pain. "She's gone, Job, she's gone," she sobbed, with real tears rolling down her cheeks. The effect was instantaneous. The emotionalism of the scene went over the footlights; the audience was profoundly moved, and when the curtain fell there was an enthusiastic round of applause. Miss Stanley was still sobbing with pain in the wings when the stage manager went up to her, and, patting her on the back, said, "Very nice, my dear, but far too emotional."



A "DOLLAR PRINCESS" BEAUTY.

MISS VIOLET GRAHAM.

Photograph by Bassano.



THE AUTHOR OF "THE LITTLE DAMOZEL": MR. MONCKTON HOFFE.

Mr. Hoffe's maiden play, which is being given at Wyndham's, is to be produced at a command performance at Sandringham on Dec. 3. Mr. Hoffe is an Irishman, born in Connemara twenty-eight years ago. He was educated for the priesthood, but ran away to London when seventeen, and secured an engagement with a travelling theatrical company. Of recent years he has travelled the small towns with his own companies. Being embarrassed by the payment of author's fees, he decided to write his own plays. This was the origin of "The Little Damsel."

discussion. The stage represents two rooms—the inner office and the outer. The hero stands in the outer room, knocking at the door of the inner one, and the servant comes to discover the cause of the knocking, and, on seeing the hero, offers to go for the key of the inner room. During this conversation, the chief villain stands by the side of the table, clutching at the cloth, in dire fear of being discovered when the door is opened. Happily for him, the servant returns with the information that the housekeeper has gone out and taken the keys with her. His relief is so great that he drops into a chair, making a slight noise in doing so. It is, however, so slight that only the hero notices it, but is reassured by the servant saying that she had heard nothing. On the night in question, as Mr. Llewellyn sat down, he went too far back; the chair tilted



"FRANZI" ON TOUR: MISS MAUDIE THORNTON IN "A WALTZ DREAM."

Miss Thornton is playing Franz (the part created in London by Miss Gertie Millar) in the No. 1. "Waltz Dream" Company, and is winning much success.—[Photograph by Chancellor.]



ANOTHER WELCOME RECRUIT FOR THE VARIETY STAGE: MR. SAM WALSH.

Mr. Walsh is to make his first appearance as a music-hall star at the Euston on the sixth of next month, when he will be seen in Mr. William Cressy's new sketch, "Town Hall, To-Night." Mr. Walsh is as well known in out-of-the-way parts of the world as he is in London, and once, even, he travelled his beloved piano 600 miles up the Australian bush, playing in wooden shanties to the miners. In "Town Hall, To-Night" he will have the advantage of playing to that sterling Australian actress, Miss Ethel Arden. The incidental music for the sketch is by Mr. Theodore Holland.—[Photograph by Hester.]

OR PERCHANCE A SOOTY SERAPH.



THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: And what is an unclean spirit?  
THE YOUTH (*hopefully*): A dirty devil, Miss.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

## A Well-Written Book.

Once more the books "before me," as the elegant reviewers used to say, are by or about women. Nobody seems to take any interest in my poor sex. As a man, I don't mind so much, but I should think women must be bored with never hearing of anyone but themselves, and they, one is told, are the chief readers of books. It's not my business, however, but the publishers', and I will turn to what is my business, and take, first, "The Incomparable Siddons," by Mrs. Clement Parsons (Methuen). The air has been thick with biographies for ages, but this is one of the best-written I have read for a long time. Simply as a piece of writing, the book should rank very high. Mrs. Parsons does not aim at beautiful prose, or indulge in purple patches, but she has nothing to learn in the way of workmanlike ease and a perfect command of her instrument. It was a joy to me, as a fellow-craftsman, to read stuff so capably ordered, so lucid and adequate. I hope she will think this high praise. I can assure her that I think it so, being seldom impressed by the manner of books I get, but, as a rule, intend only to skim, for the interest of their subjects.

## The Great Mrs. Siddons.

As to the matter of this one, it is interesting both as the history of a remarkable genius and as a picture of contemporary life, on the stage and off. It is also, to me at least, extremely amusing. I have always found something comical in the great Mrs. Siddons. That large, majestic creature, with her solemn attitude to everything, and her noble method of speech, must have been a great joke. One would not have dared to laugh, of course: she was far too impressive for that. I can quite believe Lady Mary Greatheed's saying that when Mrs. Siddons, as a girl, was in her service as a companion she always felt inclined to stand up on her entrance into the room. Everybody stood up before her, so to speak, all her life. Not that she was invariably successful. Her first attempt in London, with Garrick, was a failure, but I notice that even he did not dare dismiss her to her face; he waited until she was gone on a holiday. And yet, you know, for all her majesty and solemnity, she had a distinct touch of the *cabotine* about her. When she left Bath for London she announced on the stage that she would produce, at the end of the performance, three reasons for going away. And so she did, and the three reasons turned out to be her children—Harry, Sally, and Maria, clinging to her gown. Many an actress since her day has turned her domestic life to profitable publicity, but hardly one has done it more boldly than this. But the audience, I doubt not, did not dream of laughing; it shed happy tears.

## A Frenchwoman in England.

The Duchess de Dino, Talleyrand's niece, was not so magnificent a woman as Mrs. Siddons, but she was accounted one of the most charming women of her time, and possessed both personal and intellectual distinction. Her Memoirs, from 1831-1835, which the Princess Radziwill, her granddaughter, who inherited them from her, has edited (Heinemann), are interesting to us because those years were chiefly spent in England. The Duchess is very fair to us, on the whole, though a shrewd observer. She found our young women deficient in expression, but compliments their rosy cheeks and white necks, and compares them favourably in point of beauty with her young countrywomen. Englishmen she thought shy, but found lots of good qualities when she had pierced that shyness. She knew everyone, of course, and tells us much that is interesting about the Great Duke, Lord Grey, Princess de Lieven, and so forth. There is a very characteristic story of Lady Holland and Sam Rogers, the lugubrious and malicious. During a cholera epidemic Lady Holland, who was terrified at the thought of death, told Rogers of all the precautions and remedies she had collected. "'You have forgotten the only thing that would be of any use,' observed Mr. Rogers. 'And what is that?' 'A coffin,' replied the poet. Lady Holland fainted."

## Good Satire.

As the reader may have noticed, I am fond of satire and irony, and find too little of it in our contemporary books. I find a good deal, lightly done but on the whole true, in Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's "The Severins" (Methuen). It is a story of contrasts, the contrast between a careless, muddling, "artistic" family, and its one sensible, solid member, a son who came back from foreign parts and had to support it, and the contrast between this family and one of extreme correctness and "refinement," into which the son proposed to marry. Satirical strokes are given impartially in both directions.

At one time you sympathise with the respectable son and against his dreadful family, and with the other ordinary family who can't understand them. And then you sympathise with the clever, irresponsible, amusing people as against the dull and priggish other family. The artistic family really was artistic; it had "gifts" and good looks; but its ideas were all wild and unbalanced and its conduct was maddening. On the other hand, the respectable family was narrow and imperceptive, and its refinement rather a sham. The young man had a sad time between the two, but he came out all right. Some of the scenes between the two families are excellent comedy, and altogether Mrs. Sidgwick has done what is quite a rare thing nowadays: she has written a really amusing book, in which the humour never depends on farce or on far fetched incidents. My compliments.

N. O. I.



SAILOR MIKE (who has been shipwrecked with his pal Bill, and is trying to cheer him up):  
It's no use getting down about it—that's no way of keeping yer end up.

DRAWN BY HAWLEY MORGAN.

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## MR. GORGONZOLA DEFIES CUPID.

By NINA BALMAINE.

The Manor House, Myrtletown.

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—I must go on the stage. Papa says the country is going to the—ahem—bow-wows, and he does nothing but grumble about expenses. I am not to have a London season, and he advised me to marry or write a successful novel. I hate writing, and I never see a man except the curate, who proposes regularly in September when we are decorating the church for the harvest festival. The first time I dealt him a freezing stare that would have given an ordinary man pneumonia, but he returns to the charge every year, and murmurs "Amen" when I refuse him!

Papa talks about shutting up this dear old house and going to live at a Swiss *pension*. He is enough to drive a girl to instant matrimony. Thank heaven! there is always the refuge of the stage.

I will never forgive you if you do not introduce me to a theatre manager.—Very sincerely yours, GWEN BEAUCLERK.

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.

DEAR GORGONZOLA,—Can you give a stunning girl a little part in your new play? I can vouch for her singing. You can take it from me that you will not be disappointed in Gwen Beauclerk. She is a delightful girl, and a lady. There is a charm about her that creates a bond among her friends. I firmly believe she is full of ability into the bargain.—Always yours, JACK FORTESCUE.

The Flamingo Theatre, W.

DEAR FORTESCUE,—I often wonder what would have happened in Eden had Adam been a man like you. I'll bet that no respectable woman would have gone botanising for fashionable foliage. No, Sir, she would have shinned her hardest to the nearest modiste's.

Your cheek is positively more perennial than brass. I shall have to hire a nerve specialist to stand over me while I read your letters. How many times have you, and your maids of matchless beauty, sent my mercury up to the top of the tube with expectation, and then let me down with a crash?

Look here, old chap, I really can't promise anything this time, but I'll see Miss Beauclerk. Send her along whenever you like. If, as is most likely, Miss Beauclerk's voice is not adapted for the stage, I'll let her down without any noticeable bump. These canaries in their gilded wires always think they are nightingales till they open their little beaks to me!

My star is a woman with only a medium voice; but she is backed by a Hebrew syndicate, and when business is bad they cram the stalls with the *feunose dorée* of the City. See?

Does your protégée know a merchant prince with a passion for theatre debentures? That would assist matters like a miracle.

Yours to all eternity, DICK GORGONZOLA.

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.

DEAR MISS BEAUCLERK,—Your imperial way of putting things always scares me into submission. If you will present the enclosed card at the Flamingo Theatre, my friend Dick Gorgonzola will hear you warble, and, I hope, find a place for you; *but*—now don't get cross—it may not be in his forthcoming piece, as I was just a day or so too late.

I will run down and see your father; he worries too much about politics. I think I should act differently, if I had a handsome daughter.

Wishing you the best of luck.—Yours very sincerely,

JACK FORTESCUE.

The Châlet, Myrtletown.

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—I am greatly concerned about Gwen Beauclerk and her sudden craze for the stage. She wrote to me for advice when I was unfortunately away. What Gwen wants is a home of her own, but she has no fortune, and rich men, nowadays, only marry penniless girls when they are much beneath them in the social scale.

She spoke of writing to you, and you are so good-natured that I fear she has got an engagement; but if you can frustrate this mad scheme, pray do. Gwen is extremely clever, as you know; but can she take care of herself in a world where men

and women seem thrown together without any of the usual social safeguards?

Do let me hear soon, and act quickly.—Very sincerely yours, LILLIAN HAMILTON.

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.

MY DEAR MRS. HAMILTON,—When people ask your advice it generally means that they have made up their minds to do something wicked.

I assure you, the Theatre is not half such a bad place as you imagine. The fact is players, as a rule, ignore a good many minor precepts that do not give scope for fun. The stage demands beauty and vivacity of its votaries; exalted principles are not accepted as a substitute for feminine graces. A refined girl, quietly dressed, need have no fear; the men know a lady quick enough, and invariably treat her with chivalrous courtesy. The régime of the Actor-Manager has raised the social tone of the playhouse. Propriety stalks unchecked behind the scenes!

I had already assisted Gwen, but I am bound to obey any behest of yours, and will undo whatever mischief I have done as promptly as possible.—Most sincerely yours, JACK FORTESCUE.

The Flamingo Theatre, W.

DEAR FORTESCUE,—Somebody said that there is something good in the worst of men, if you look diligently for it. You have done the decent thing at last. Miss Beauclerk's voice is worth a fortune, and, by Jove, she is a nice girl! What do you think of that from me?

Now my troubles begin. Like the run of the sex, she intuitively felt she had made an impression, and offered to take the smallest part I chose to give her. I dare not let her go to another man; the girl is good enough for grand opera.

What my star Dollie de l'Isle will say when she hears her, goodness only knows; my ears ring and sizzle when I think of it.

I shall have a touchy time of it, but I am not going to let the star put her French heels on my neck; and things have gone too far for the directors to interfere. You wouldn't believe the motives within motives I have to contend with from girls that look as innocent of guile as a bishop at a bazaar.—Yours to all eternity,

DICK GORGONZOLA.

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.

DEAR GORGONZOLA,—The fault with you is that you don't know how good you are. I do, and act accordingly. You accuse me of cheek—I forgive you. The honours are easy.

I am more than delighted that Miss Beauclerk is a treasure; but I have a disappointment for you. The lady's friends desire to discourage her stage aspirations. Now don't upset yourself and rave like intoxicated thunder. They merely want her to marry; she is determined to act. The poor girl has been mewed up in a country house with a miserly old dyspeptic who cannot appreciate the favour Fortune vouchsafed him in a glorious daughter. Of course, I am not a parent, and may be talking through my *loupet*; but why a man incites himself to blasphemy and brain-storms over Budgets when he might be enjoying himself beats me hollow. Some men never see the colour a pretty woman puts into life. You and I do, and we are not married even! What kind of rapture shall we suffer from when her Majesty the Wife walks in and sweeps away the traces of our second-hand bachelor bliss, eh? I can't bear to think of it, can you?—Always yours, JACK FORTESCUE.

The Flamingo Theatre, W.

DEAR FORTESCUE,—Doing business with you is like paddling in a bog; you are not sure of your footing for two seconds at a time. Miss Beauclerk is far too valuable to be wasted on matrimony; it would be horrible if she were to dwindle into a wife. I'd like to see a man trying to burst into her affections while she is under my care! I cannot help her friends. You can tell them that she is perfectly safe with me. I suppose they still cherish the antiquated notion that a theatre is a place where temptation, in its most seductive form, is forced upon inflammable natures. Rot! Human nature is fairly ubiquitous. When women are afraid of wicked men it is not necessarily a sign of goodness;

[Continued overleaf.]

their fear is just as likely to spring from *experience*!—Yours to all eternity,  
DICK GORGONZOLA.

Excelsior Mansions, Baker Street, W.

MY DEAR LILLIAN,—I am on the stage, and it is huge fun—at least, the rehearsal part of it. I am to wear semi-translucent draperies and sing a duet with an Outlaw in tights! Sounds shocking, doesn't it?

I often wondered what the girls were like who have succeeded in making Debrett more entertaining than a French comedy. They seem to have been born shouting at the top of their voices, and are far from fastidious in the quality of the admiration they excite in the masculine bosom. At the same time, they are miraculously circumspect, considering the many unchaperoned favours that are forced upon them. The awful wickedness of the profession is sheer fudge.

The street costume of the chorus-lady gives her a thrilling association with the footlights, and she wears gaudy jewellery on every available portion of her anatomy. The goody-goody people mistake this vulgarity for vice. I have seen nothing to disgust me, and get on capitally with everybody except the star, a self-assertive, uncultivated person, but rather handsome in a flashy way. There is a joke about her that she keeps a private thief to steal her jewels occasionally!

I am enjoying myself immensely.—Affectionately yours,  
GWEN BEAUCLERK.

The Châlet, Myrtletown.

MY DEAR GWEN,—I don't like the flippant tone of your letter at all, and I do hope you will give up this stage idea. Of course you will refuse to act with a man who doesn't wear clothes! To call him an "Outlaw" does not make him decent; only a good tailor can do that.

I never trouble about the so-called wickedness of the theatre. If I am amused by a play that is enough for me. I don't think really nice people read about the private lives of actors and actresses; that sort of thing is surely meant for the lower orders, who, I can readily imagine, thoroughly enjoy it.

One of my maids fell desperately in love with an actor, and had the impertinence to confess it to me. I dismissed her on the spot. She wept bitterly and said he was "beautiful," as if *that* made any difference! You know the man I mean—he is always a Corsair on a yacht or a Crusader on a circus horse.

Yours affectionately, LILLIAN HAMILTON.

Mount Ararat Mansions, W.

DEAR SIR JOSEPH,—I want you to speak to Mr. Gorgonzola very strongly about the improper favouritism he is showing to Miss Beauclerk. Of course I am not jealous of anybody, being an old public favourite, but I can't stand having my part in the new piece spoiled. I am the star, and the public wants me, whether anybody else sings better or not. There is no denying that Miss Beauclerk has a nice voice, and if she has patience and employs a Press-agent, she will be a star herself some day; and I think that ought to be good enough for her now. Some of her songs ought to be cut, as they are better than mine, and interfere with my business.

Please do the right thing for me with Mr Gorgonzola *at once*.  
Very sincerely yours, DOLLIE DE L'ISLE.

Isthmian Club, W.

DEAR GORGONZOLA,—I am coming to see you about a letter I have had from Dollie de L'Isle. She is the star of "The Coronet Girl"; there can be no doubt about that. I never heard of Miss Beauclerk, but presume you had good reasons for engaging her. I don't see the name on the final draft of the cast forwarded to me at Monte Carlo. You will understand that I have no desire to interfere with you unduly; but I have promised Dollie to have a talk with you. I daresay there is nothing much in it after all. You know what women are.—Yours sincerely,  
JOSEPH PACTOLUS

Flamingo Theatre, W.

DEAR SIR JOSEPH,—Come and see me when you like. If *you* "know" women when you are but twenty-three, how do you suppose I know them at my age?

Of course, Miss de L'Isle is the star, but she is not the sun and the moon and the other constellations all put together. The book was written round her, and she ought to be satisfied. After all, the public makes the star, and Miss Beauclerk has only to be heard to become instantly popular. Another manager might have suppressed her to please the star. I won't.

There is a gold-mine in her throat, and I was acting in the best interests of the shareholders in securing her at once. I made Adaptor fit her with a fine part. If Miss de L'Isle plays the fool with her bread and motor, she will only have herself to blame. I have no fear of the public's verdict—they know a good thing when they are given the chance.

Miss Beauclerk is conspicuously handsome even among my girls, and she is a lady—in the heraldic sense! Unfortunately, her people are against her acting; but she is determined, and so am

I—she will double the box-office receipts. Kindly devote your energies to mollifying the envy of our friend Dollie.—Yours sincerely,  
DICK GORGONZOLA.

Isthmian Club, W.

DEAR DOLLIE,—I heard from Gorgonzola. His letter did not satisfy me, so I went to the theatre, hoping to see you as well, and was sorry to hear you were indisposed. What is it? Mumps or a motor smash?

I stayed bang through the rehearsal, and, as your understudy was away too, Miss Beauclerk sang your songs. She has a splendid voice, and Gorgonzola was bound to secure her for the theatre.

There is no intention of interfering with your position as the star; but, my dear little woman, you must be reasonable and give the other members of the company a chance. I solemnly promise to look after you, and will come to the rehearsals, to see that everything is on the square.

Be sure to turn up to-morrow and we'll have lunch together.

Very sincerely yours, JOSEPH PACTOLUS.

Excelsior Mansions, Baker Street, W.

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—What do you think? The star person got so jealous of me that she complained to Sir Joseph Pactolus. He came, he saw—I conquered! He has been to rehearsal every day since, and there is just a shade of *empressment* in his manner to me. I cannot resist the conviction that through his visits "an increasing purpose runs!"

I tried to pour oil on the troubled waters of Miss Dollie de L'Isle's feelings, but it was like attempting to subdue the Channel with *huile de roses*. Sir Joseph, however, seems to have reduced her jealousy to sufferable limits.—Very sincerely yours,  
GWEN BEAUCLERK.

The Albany, Piccadilly, W.

MY DEAR MRS. HAMILTON,—I have seen Miss Beauclerk, and I think she is a wee bit hurt. You forget that I am looking after her with forty-lynx-power eyes. Everything promises well. The star has become furiously jealous, and was foolish enough to write to one of the shareholders, Sir Joseph Pactolus. He is a wealthy young baronet, and was at one time in peril of making her his wife. I doubt if he has quite shed the fascination yet. He was enraptured with Miss Beauclerk's singing, and anything may happen. You remember Tennyson's lines: "The hopes of Beauty's daughters are widened with the prospects of the Sons!"

My chief obstacle is Gorgonzola, who anticipates a tremendous success for our young lady. I am bound to respect his judgment. Please do not run away with any absurd notions. I assure you that, at the Flamingo Theatre, the girls behave with decorum and work very hard. Some people imagine that directly they pass through the stage door these young ladies caper and dance as if they heard the blast of Oberon's horn.

I feel my responsibility dreadfully.

Most sincerely yours, JACK FORTESCUE.

Flamingo Theatre, W.

DEAR FORTESCUE,—I want to have a confidential laugh with you. We are going to whack all previous successes. My principals are working in unison at last, thanks to the craft and subtlety of Pactolus. Dollie de L'Isle only threw up her part *eleven* times! You want Absalom's hair-wash to keep from going bald in my business. I made his Baronetship stick to her, and lunch her, and dine her, till I wonder how she can look a menu in the face. Miss Beauclerk is behaving beautifully. Two or three of our gilded youth came after her—you know the kind. I mean: the glorified marmosets that gibber and go a long time between ideas. I had all eyes on deck, but there was no need for action, as the girl knows a man when she sees him.

What do you want for the opening night? You can have anything from a camp-stool to a suite of boxes.

Miss Beauclerk will soon be independent of matrimony. Half my girls seem to marry simply for the privilege of wearing diamonds at dinner. She can afford to breakfast in a tiara if she likes to remain with me.

Come and have supper with her to-morrow night, and I'll ask Pactolus to join us.—Yours to all eternity,  
DICK GORGONZOLA.

#### TELEGRAMS.

SIR JOSEPH PACTOLUS to DICK GORGONZOLA.

Miss Beauclerk cannot attend rehearsal. Motor accident fifty miles from anywhere.

DICK GORGONZOLA to SIR JOSEPH PACTOLUS.

Awfully concerned. Not hurt, I hope. Shall I send a doctor?

SIR JOSEPH PACTOLUS to DICK GORGONZOLA.

No thanks, old chap, but you can order a parson for two.

JACK FORTESCUE to MISS BEAUCLERK.

Congratulations. Cupid, your chauffeur, ought to have his license revoked!

THE END.

"THOUGHT I THY SPIRITS WERE STRONGER THAN THY SHAMES."



"THE PLAY'S THE THING."—SHAKESPEARE.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

## A SANDY LIE!



THE SCOT (eluding the landslide, and addressing the distant golfer): Man! If that's your usual foozle,  
I can judge your popularity at hame.

DRAWN BY PHILIP BAYNES.

# WORLD'S WHISPERS

THE Countess of Plymouth has lent 54, Mount Street for the Sale that has been arranged by the Ladies' Work Society, which Princess Louise will open next week. On Dec. 7

Princess Henry of Battenberg will strongly recommend her toys at the Mansion House; and who shall deny, after Lady Wernher's exhibition, that the royal "line" in dolls is quite the most attractive on the market? Lady Edmund Talbot sells gewgaws in Buckingham Palace Road for the benefit of the splendid work of education she carries on in the very ungorgeous East—of London. Adeline Duchess of Bedford does her selling to-day and to-morrow, her premises being the Hyde Park Hotel, and her assistants Theresa Countess of Shrewsbury, Lady Gertrude Astley Corbett, Lady Kathleen Gaussen, Muriel Viscountess Helmsley, and others equally persuasive. The proceeds go to a Girls' Home, and each Christmas

present bought at this sale will benefit its recipient—and another. To-day, too, the Marchioness of Lansdowne commends her own particular wares, all in aid of a hospital.

## James the First.

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady Desborough, Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox (just back from the States), and Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox are among those who have been making a meeting-place of West Dean Park. Mr. William James consents to take a leading part in most of the private theatricals



AUTHOR OF "ST. URSULA'S PILGRIMAGE," THE NEW MIRACLE PLAY: THE HON. MRS. ALFRED LYTTELTON.

Mrs. Lyttelton's new miracle play, "St. Ursula's Pilgrimage," is to be given at the Court on the 29th of this month and the 3rd of next month. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mr. James Hearn, and a company of distinguished amateurs will take part in it.

Photograph by Lafayette.

organised by his wife, and is a thoroughly entertaining host, in all senses of the word, especially when King Edward is among his guests. But it is not he who figures as "James I." in the ordinary round of social obligations. The new "James I." is a popular member of the Turf and several other clubs, and finds in travel in distant lands a serious rival to his passion for house-parties.

No "Place" Like Home. November has been a month of homecomings. Sir Arthur and Lady Hardinge have been to England, and to Sandringham, for a short release from their duties at Brussels, made arduously delicate by Congo affairs. At Sandringham, too, has been Mr. Reginald Lister, Lord Ribblesdale's youngest brother, and English representative at Tangier. From Rome have come

Sir James Rennell Rodd, poet as well as diplomatist, and Lady Rodd. No sooner had King Edward's birthday been celebrated by a dinner at the English Embassy in Rome than the desire to be in England seized upon the Ambassador, with the natural result.



THE HON. ALEXANDER HOOD, WHO BECOMES A DUKE EVERY TIME HE GOES TO SICILY.

The "Pall Mall" points out an interesting fact with regard to Mr. Hood: "Mr. Alexander Hood, Private Secretary to the Princess of Wales, who has left London on leave of absence to visit his estates at Bronte, becomes a Duke on his arrival there. Bronte is a dukedom by tenure, as Arundel was an earldom originally. Lord Bridport, Mr. Hood's father, was Duke of Bronte, and the property passing to his son, the Sicilian title passes with it. Neither the father nor the son, without special permission, could have been, or could be, Duke of Bronte in this country, any more than was Nelson, the original grantee." But if the Bronte estates were sold to Brown of Camden Town, Brown would thereby become Duke of Bronte in Sicily, and would probably go and live there.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

story they found themselves treated to meat, ale, and the shillings, which they gave to the scornful liveried servants

who attended them. Perhaps under the circumstances Mr. and Mrs. Gaisford St. Lawrence will prefer the peace of their Sussex home rather than the publicity of their Irish inheritance.

## Minors and Miners.

It might be supposed that the Duke of Hamilton had enough titles—the least of which are seven baronies—to supply the largest family; but as things are, his three Dukedoms cannot be evenly divided among his three sons, the youngest of whom is twelve days old. May the new infant's lot be happy, notwithstanding! His mother, a daughter of Major Poore—a name famous in South African warfare and Hampshire cricket—is interested in miners as well as in minors. As soon as she is about again, she will proceed with her plan of founding a really successful social club for the "happy evenings" of the men who pass their days below the surface of the Hamilton acres.



BANQUETED BY THE PILGRIMS: MR. J. RIDGELY CARTER.

Mr. J. Ridgely Carter is one of the most popular of living diplomats, and his departure from London has aroused very great regret. On Wednesday (17th) the American Ambassador gave a farewell dinner in his honour and on Friday (19th) the Pilgrims did likewise. He is a brilliant talker, and, it may be whispered, unlike so many clever Americans, a very good listener too. He is the fortunate father of one of the most beautiful girls seen in London of late. It may be truly said that Bucharest's gain is London's loss, for Mr. Carter has just been made American Minister to the Roumanian Court.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.



WIFE OF THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: MRS. JAMES LOWTHER.

Née Miss Mary Beresford Hope, Mrs. James Lowther the mistress of the most delightful of official residences, is connected with the greatest traditions of Victorian religion, politics, and literature. Even before her distinguished husband became Speaker she was keenly interested in politics.

Photograph by R. Haines.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

## Statistics.

The flat-race season, which will come to an end on Saturday, has been a busy one. Sport has been good, and form has worked out fairly well, except in the case of the big handicaps, which have been won with persistent frequency by outsiders. Subsequent events have proved that in many instances the public were right in making certain horses favourites for the races in which they cut up badly, and I am inclined to think that the riding of certain jockeys was very much in fault in more than one instance of form being upset. Mr. Fairie, the owner of Bayardo and Lemberg, is an easy first in the winning-owners list, which is all the more remarkable seeing that he has so few horses in training. Bayardo would, without a doubt, have easily won every race he started for in 1909, had he only been fit, and it was a pity he was sent to the post for the Two Thousand Guineas. He missed winning the Derby probably through the fall of Sir Martin. His Majesty the King has had a good year, thanks to the win of Minoru in the Two Thousand and Derby, and I am pleased to hear that the yearlings under R. Marsh's charge are a very promising lot. The Duke of Portland and Mr. J. B. Joel did fairly well with their horses, and Lord Rosebery won a fairly big amount in stakes. Bay Ronald, Cyllene, and Gallinule are at the head of the list of winning sires; but those fine sprinters, Eager and Sundridge, have both been successful at the stud. F. Wootton heads the list of winning jockeys, with Maher and Higgs as nearest attendants. Maher has the best average. Alec Taylor, W. Waugh, and R. Marsh head the list of winning trainers. Wootton and S. Darling have won the greatest number of races.

## Racecourse Earnings.

The figures are highly encouraging. For instance, the race revenue totals up above £30,000, while the club revenue exceeds £10,000. It will here be seen how useful a strong club membership is to a racecourse company. The fixed income is assured, whatever the weather, and even if some of the fixtures are abandoned, the expenses attendant on the running successfully of a large course are very heavy. Thus I find that for fourteen days' racing it costs nearly £1500

for police alone, and for ticket-sellers and gatekeepers almost a similar sum. The officials' salaries come to £2500, and the directors' fees another £1000. The rent, rates, and taxes amount to nearly £8000, which is a very large sum, to say the least of it.

Against all this I find the sum against accountants and clerks is put down at something less than £200, which is indeed a contrast. It should be added that the wages of regular labourers on the course, and also attendants at meetings under National Hunt rules, amount to over £1000. From the figures given above, it will be seen that the turnover of a successful racecourse has to be very large before any profits can go to the shareholders; but when the capital is a small one, the results are generally satisfactory. But some of the companies are very much overloaded in the matter of capital, with the result that, although the earnings are large, the dividends are small. I was talking to a gentleman the other day who received £30,000 in ten years for acting as a leading official, but this is not possible now.

**Steeplechasing.** It is to be hoped that sport under National Hunt Rules will not be interrupted by frost and snow this winter, as there are some good jumpers in training, and I hear of several owners of flat-racers who intend to patronise the winter pastime. Mile-and-a-half hurdle races have proved a great success, and I am urged, by a well-known follower

of the pastime, to suggest one-mile steeplechases for four-year-olds. I think the idea is one worthy of consideration. Such races would at any rate prove to be capital schools for young horses and for amateur riders; while I am sure they would attract large entries. As I have before urged, it is time to make a move to improve the steeplechasers, and I believe this would be a capital method to start the change. Mile steeplechases would be run from end to end at a racing pace, and this would provide a feast of enjoyment to spectators, while such races would tend to sharpen up the young riders, who now are failures while playing the dawdling game. In ordinary three-mile steeplechases we often see the pace not faster than a crawl, which is the more remarkable when it is considered that the race for the Grand National is

run at racing speed from end to end. In mile steeplechases an opportunity would be given for the fast horses that could not stay, and the events would give owners a chance to let their moderate flat-racers have some jumping exercise. In mile-and-a-half hurdle races we invariably see good fields, and it is pretty well certain the same will in time apply to one-mile steeplechases.

In France they have mile-and-a-half steeplechases, which are a great success, and are much liked by owners and amateur riders. CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



A "SHOOTING-BOX": WAITING FOR WILD DUCK IN THE LAKE SOUTH OF VALENCIA.



SPORTSMEN IN HIDING: WILD-DUCK SHOOTING IN SPAIN.

South of Valencia there is a great lake which is connected with the Mediterranean by a narrow canal. Many wild duck are found on it in the autumn, and sport is almost invariably good.—[Photographs by Scherl.]



### Reinforced Inner Tube.

If the invaluable adjunct to the tyre-user, the Challenge Reinforced Inner Tube, was shown at Olympia, I could not find it. The loss was mine, and that also of many visitors to the Show. I must not be taken to mean by this that the Challenge Reinforced Inner Tube was badly in want of the publicity of Olympia—far from it; but, nevertheless, one looked for it there, and some found it not. But out of sight should not be out of mind with a real money-saver like the Reinforced tube, for a money-saver it is, without a shadow of a doubt. A friend of mine, a car-owner, has run a damaged back tyre on his car with a Reinforced tube therein after he had been solemnly assured and warned by a tyre expert (who did not know that the cover contained one of these tubes) that the identical cover would not stand another two hundred miles. And yet there it is unto this day, and seems likely to remain.

### "Bibendum—His Book!"

All tyre-users, whether their own repairers or no—and indeed many car-owners are quite keen on tyre jobs—should hasten to become possessed of "Bibendum—His Book!" This is a most valuable little work, just about to issue from the offices of Messrs. Michelin and Co., Sussex Place, South Kensington, in which all the "Friday" lectures on tyre care, conduct, and manipulation which have appeared in the *Autocar* for some months are collected for convenient study and handy reference. Within the covers of this little work will be found the most valuable tyre counsel, presented in an interesting, appetising, and comprehensible manner; indeed, I hardly know when and where I have come across dryasdust details so attractively discussed. These books were in great demand at the Michelin Stand at Olympia, but I call attention to them here for the benefit of those of my readers who, unhappily, may not have visited the world's greatest motor show, just closed.

### Perfect Speedometer v. Police.

With clean evidence and a straightforward case, it should not be difficult to convince a Bow Street magistrate of the points of a case in one's favour. The Bow Street magistrate is a trained lawyer, accustomed for years past and day by day to weigh and contrast evidence in a manner totally unknown, and, indeed, absolutely impossible, to the Great Unpaid, who all too frequently mistake prejudice for perspicacity. A few days since the Motor Union, always prominent in good works, succeeded in convincing Mr. Marsham—a most difficult man to convince without the soundest reasons—that a first-class speedometer—to wit, a "Perfect," by Smith and Sons, of 9, Strand, W.C.—was more reliable evidence of the speed of

a car than a cheap stop-watch in the unpractised hands of a police-constable. A driver employed by a member of the Motor Union was accused of covering a measured distance in Whitehall at a speed of twenty-three miles per hour, his actual speed, as recorded on the dial of the "Perfect" speedometer, being under twenty. Result: Speedometer sustained, Robert routed!

### Jack Frost and Prevention.

With the present promise of hard weather, motorists should indeed take thought for their radiators whenever their cars are bestowed in an unwarmed motor-house. The hard frost cometh like a thief in the night, when he is least expected, and burst radiators and cracked cylinders arrive before they are thought of. It is, of course, a somewhat expensive matter to install a safe system of warming-apparatus in a motor-garage; but a very little heat indeed will keep the air in a draughtless building above freezing-point. Those well-known public purveyors, Messrs. Gamage and Co., sell a little stove in which some kind of smouldering fuel is consumed, and which is incapable of firing the fumes of petrol, if any are present. This stove can be placed directly under the engine and crank-chamber, and will preserve these from freezing in the coldest weather, particularly if a covering is thrown tentwise over the bonnet to keep the heat in.

### Engine Design at Olympia.

In reviewing such progress as was noticeable at Olympia, first consideration must be given to engine-design, which exhibits the greatest departures from what has obtained during the past few years. The designer's fancy runs clearly in favour of the *moteur bloc* system, and he is warranted therein by every consideration. First, a much cleaner and neater job can be obtained by casting the cylinders and water-jackets together than is possible with cylinders used singly or cast in pairs. With the mono-bloc, inlet-pipes and oil and water leads can be reduced to a minimum, while the whole engine lends itself much more favourably to the rapidly growing thermo-siphon system of cooling, by reason of the large and uninterrupted masses of water which can be got round and over the combustion and valve chambers. Further, the cylinders and all other holes can be bored, drilled dead parallel, and at dead right angles—a most desirable feature, which cannot be relatively assured with single or double cylinders. Moreover, it has always appeared objectionable to me to bolt cylinders, singly or in pairs, to an aluminium bed-plate. With the *moteur bloc* the whole area of the cylinder-flanges makes one large flange, and must bed down with greater truth and security upon the faced portion of the crank-chamber than single or double cylinders can do.

[Continued on a later page.]



THE LIVERY OF THE CHAUFFEURS OF PRINCE OSCAR OF PRUSSIA.



THE LIVERY OF THE CHAUFFEURS OF THE QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS.



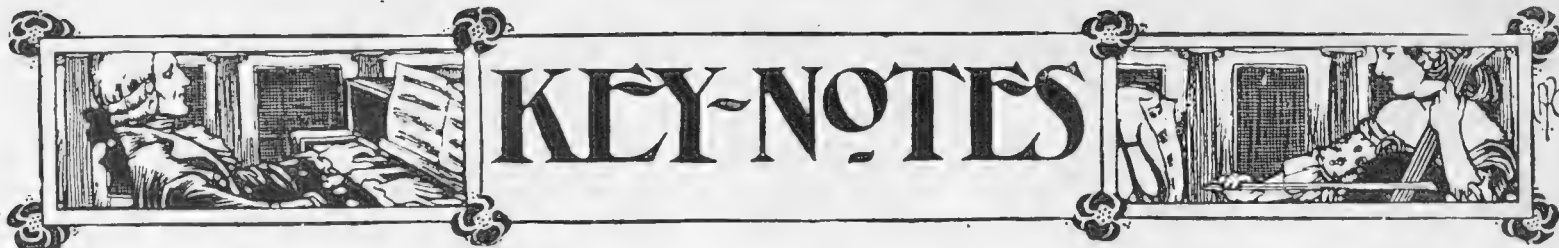
THE LIVERY OF THE CHAUFFEURS OF THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.



THE LIVERY OF THE CHAUFFEURS OF THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK (WITH OVERCOAT.)

IF YOU WISH TO BE SALUTED AS ROYALTY (FOREIGN), DRESS YOUR CHAUFFEUR SOMEWHAT IN THIS MANNER: SOME ROYAL LIVERIES.

an aluminium bed-plate. With the *moteur bloc* the whole area of the cylinder-flanges makes one large flange, and must bed down with greater truth and security upon the faced portion of the crank-chamber than single or double cylinders can do.



### Queen's Hall Symphony Concert.

The audience that gathered at Queen's Hall last week to hear the Kallinikov Symphony was compelled to console itself with the work that Mr. Wood favours so very much—Beethoven's C minor Symphony. But if the most of those present would have preferred a masterpiece of more modern date they must have been quick to recognise the element of novelty in the rest of the programme. Mr. Granville Bantock's "Old English Suite" adds novelty to many other attractions, and Dr. Walford Davies' "Solemn Melody" is characteristic of its composer's work, arresting attention by the beauty of thought and the clearness of expression, typically English in feeling and inspiration, and possessing the individuality we look for from a man who, while he is conversant with what is best in modern musical literature, is independent of it all. We have few composers in this country whose sincerity and individuality are more marked. The soloist at the Symphony Concert was M. Jacques Thibaud, who found in the Mozart Concerto in E flat a work that suited his taste and temperament to a nicety. M. Thibaud is one of the violinists who never fail to please. His gifts are not sensational, but they are very considerable; he leaves his audience with the pleasant feeling that they will be pleased to hear him again, and that he has not gained their passing favour by pandering to their weaknesses. *O si sic omnes!*

**Guildhall School.** It is not possible within strict limits of space to deal in detail with the performances of "Irene" at the Guildhall School of Music; but it may be said that they reached a high standard of excellence. The parts were well sung, the ballet was admirably treated, and the whole production was quite above the standard generally attained by amateurs.

It was very pleasant to hear the music again, and the performances must have left many of the audience wondering why Gounod's charming work should have been neglected for so long. The opera class at the Guildhall School of Music is very capably handled, and responds admirably to direction.

### Mr. Newman's Concert.

At the Queen's Hall to-night, Mr. Robert Newman's annual concert will be given. Mr. Henry Wood will direct the Queen's Hall Orchestra in a programme composed entirely of popular selections from Wagner's operas, and Mme. Kirkby Lunn, than whom it would be hard to find one better equipped to do justice to a Wagner night, will be the vocalist. Mr. Robert Newman has deserved well of musical London; there

music, Mr. Newman's enterprise gave an undoubted impetus to the movement that has enabled London to maintain several first-class orchestras; and give adequate remuneration to a large number of capable soloists. Of course, there is still very much to be done—many gifts are neglected, many capable musicians come near to starve; but nobody will deny that, of the work already accomplished, Mr. Newman is responsible for a very considerable share. It would be interesting to hear him contrast musical London to-day with musical London of twenty years ago.

### M. Paderewski.

On the Saturday before Christmas London will have the opportunity of reconsidering its verdict in the case of M. Paderewski's "Polish Symphony," which will be heard for a second time at a special London Symphony Orchestra concert under the direction of Dr. Richter. Once again the composer will be the soloist of the afternoon, Saint-Saëns' Concerto in C minor having been selected for performance. In the meantime M. Paderewski, who has since given a recital at Brighton, has been heard at the Queen's Hall by an audience of enthusiasts that packed the hall from floor to ceiling. The great pianist is not only a law to himself, he is also a law to his audience. His idiom is, for the time being, their idiom; he expresses his own views of interpretation, and they are received with enthusiasm. If the reading of a well-known piece ignores accepted tradition, so much the worse for the tradition. This recognition of a dominant personality is extended to other players by British audiences, and the favour is sometimes abused. Happily, M. Paderewski is not the man to take any advantage of a position really remarkable. He remains a conscientious artist to the end, who—an he would—could justify the readings that from time to time shock the more conservative among his admirers. It is worth noting that Claude Debussy was included in the list of composers on M. Paderewski's programme. This was at once a tribute to the catholicity of his taste and the range of his interpretative faculty.

**Players and Music.** Who can explain in set terms the precise change that turns a hackneyed, jaded work into something instinct with life, vigour, and beauty? What subtle changes of tempi, what delicate readjustment of rhythm, what faint alterations of an accent here and there bring about the welcome change? Only the very highly trained ear can hope to follow; for the most of us the points are lost almost as soon as noted. At the Paderewski recital the master's interpretation of the familiar study on the black keys was remarkable for the new life infused into something that the commonplace pianist has well-nigh played to death. What Paderewski, Pachmann, Buhlig, Rosenthal, and a few others do for the piano other great players do for the violin. Even the Max Bruch Concertos can be made to sound fresh and interesting.

COMMON CHORD.



A GREAT PIANIST WHO IS IN LONDON AGAIN:  
M. PADEREWSKI.

M. Paderewski's reappearance in London gained especial interest from the fact that, while he was here, his composition, the "Polish Symphony," was given at Queen's Hall by the London Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Richter. At the concert in question, M. Paderewski played, to the great delight of a large audience, giving the solo part in Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto. It is interesting to recall also that a few days ago at a recital in Ireland the famous pianist stepped suddenly in the midst of his playing, because he found that there was in the hall a misguided amateur who was seeking to obtain a record for a "talking-machine."—[Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.]



THE MILL-GIRL WHO HAS BECOME AN ACTRESS AND A PROFESSIONAL VOCALIST: MISS ANNA BETHELL. Miss Bethell, a worker in one of the cotton-mills of Stockport, and a member of the local Amateur Operatic Society, has been engaged by Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, and is to appear with that lady's touring company. Miss Bethell joins the professional stage with a considerable reputation as an amateur, and has played most of the leading feminine parts in the productions of the Stockport societies during the past few years.

should be no vacant seats in the hall. At a time when the old St. James's Hall in the Metropolis and the Crystal Palace at Sydenham could accommodate nearly everybody who was anxious to hear good



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Slavery and the Earring.**

In that brilliant and vivid chronicle of the Children's Crusade, "On the Forgotten Road," Mr. Henry Baerlein opens little windows which give on to the past, and speaks to us with suave irony of certain human traits which annihilate the centuries and make us feel as if we were touching hands with those who journeyed with the small Crusaders down to Marseilles and the sea. Thus, it is delightful to learn that in the early thirteenth century honest citizens cheated at billiards—then a game played on the ground with hoops—just as they continue to cheat at croquet to-day. Moreover, sermons, it appears, were not listened to with the docility which marks a congregation nowadays in a church; on the contrary, the "flock" showed a proper spirit, interrupted the preacher, and aired their own theological opinions in stentorian tones. Again, certain Bandits were highly hospitable persons, who would not have harmed a fly, if it were travelling on a pious journey, and such a one received the Crusading Children and their followers with a festal banquet. But perhaps the strangest piece of Mr. Baerlein's mediæval lore is that which proves that the earring was the badge of serfdom, and that a serf was known for ever by the hole in the lobe of his ear. This will give our modern feminists "furiously to think," and earrings, I take it, will be henceforth discarded by the "advanced" woman.

**A Cure for All Ills.**

There is no doubt that dancing, both amateur and professional, has lately had a marked revival in public esteem. Now it is the graceful and accomplished Russian dancers at the Hippodrome and other theatres whom everyone is flocking to see; again, we hear of a growing disposition on the part of our youngsters to frequent the once-neglected ball-room; and, lastly, the fact that dancing was successfully tried as a cure for various diseases some years ago in the Highlands has been published in a leading medical journal. Various "steps," it seems, were indicated for different ailments. For dyspepsia, the "ceum shuil," or promenade step, was considered sufficient; but for catarrh the more riotous antics of the Highland Fling were indulged in by the sufferer. In all cases, however, hot gruel was administered first, and warm blankets after the "dancing cure," so that there was a good deal of common-sense in this singular remedy for the ills that flesh is heir to. But the most patriotic use to which dancing can be put is that of enlisting soldiers for the Territorials. In America, as Lieutenant-Colonel Pollock points out in the current *Nineteenth Century*, every spirited young man hastens to join the National

Guard, because the Armouries, which are scattered up and down the States, are not only pleasant clubs, but potential ball-rooms. This, he declares, is the most effective of all aids to recruiting. That there shall be cakes and ale, revels and dancing for the volunteers is a matter of course over there, and we must look to it that our own Territorials be encouraged by the erection of similar places of entertainment. Who knows if the valise and the two-step may not accomplish what our wisest Generals and most patriotic publicists cannot bring about?

**The Stupid Suburbs.**

It is not for nothing that the prosperous suburbs have become synonymous with intellectual poverty, for there is something in a flat life in the near vicinity of a great capital which makes for mental inertia. There is a feeling among the Suburbans that they are assisting at a drama in which they have not a speaking part; that great happenings are about in which they do not share; that a vast wheel is turning round which will move without their efforts. To the women especially—sheltered, easy, ignorant of real life—the world's capital partakes of the nature of a great and somewhat bewildering spectacle. They do not even try to understand what it means, and fall back on dress, gossip, and the circulating novel for their mental fare. "There are whole streets and suburbs of such women," says the author of "Modern Woman and How to Manage Her," "and eating, sleeping, and decking themselves form their daily round." But the most disquieting thing is that this is precisely the kind of woman the "average sensual man" admires. How, then, are we to improve the appalling intellectual poverty of the prosperous suburbs?

**"The Captains and the Kings."**

The youngest (and most cherubic) monarch in Europe has come and gone, and once again the advantages of a figure-head, a personage who shall be at once a symbol and a prince, have been proved. For, just as a great general represents, in his person, a victorious army, so does a popular Sovereign embody the nation he comes from. Moreover, there is something stirring, emotional, joyous, about a procession of which the culminating point is the chariot containing the great captain or the beloved king. Lances and pen-

nants, waving feathers and shining horses, make gay the streets on the saddest of autumn days, and there is no doubt these gala doings are potent factors in making for international goodwill. The procession gains in charm when there is a young Queen enshrined in it, and a bachelor potentate visiting a country in search of a consort is a figure which proves irresistible in these sentimental islands.

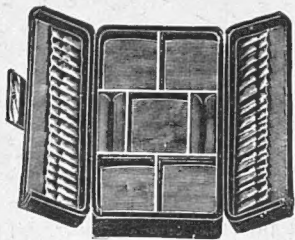


AN AFTERNOON DRESS OF DAHLIA-COLOURED CLOTH TRIMMED WITH BRAID.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

## THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN.

**We All Love Boys.** The most delightful person in the world is a charming-mannered, natural, sweet-natured boy. Everyone falls down before him; even crusty old bachelors and egotistical old maids he can conquer if he will. When the boy is also a King, and the King has already a tragic history, things are grandly accentuated in the direction I indicate. King Manuel of Portugal swept all before him at our Court last week. From the Queen to her Majesty's Maids-of-Honour all liked and admired the handsome, frank-faced young King, so courteous and so considerate. His sway with the men was secondary only to that with the ladies. If his Majesty goes back to Lisbon to announce his betrothal to an English Princess, there are many who were against such an idea before they met him who will now think the English Princess lucky.



**A TRAVELLING JEWEL-CASE.**

This jewel-case, which is flat, and can be stowed in the pocket of a motor-coat, is in crushed morocco. It is made in three sizes—6 in. at 7s. 6d., 7 in. at 10s. 6d., and 8 in. at 13s. 6d. It is made by Messrs. John Pound and Co.

it is really more, and there has been time to replenish banking accounts. The other day I visited 211, Regent Street, one of the establishments of John Pound and Co. There are others at 67, Piccadilly; 243, Brompton Road; 177-8, Tottenham Court Road, besides the head office in Leadenhall Street, so that the numberless clients of the firm have no difficulty in acquiring things which have gained a world-wide reputation for quality and style, workmanship and up-to-dateness. This year the firm has broken its own record in the variety and the novelty of its great stock of fancy-leather articles. What appeals particularly to members of my sex, often at a loss to smooth out some treasured piece of finery crushed in travel, is a dainty flat-iron, heated by spirit, in a leather case. The whole thing is most neat and practical—a capital present. A flat jewel-case which can be stowed in the pocket of a big motor-coat is in crushed morocco of all colours, and has divisions for different pieces of jewellery. One of 7-inch size costs just 10s. 6d., a very usual sum for an ordinary present. A razor-roll will appeal to a man. This in pigskin, having velvet pockets for two, four, or seven razors, costs 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. Many men use safety razors now; a small case to take one, with a metal tube for brush and one for soap, costs 35s. Without the razor, as many men have their own, it costs 15s. I might go on enumerating useful moderate-priced presents, all of the finest appearance and sure to last, had I space. That is a valuable commodity always, never more than when Christmas is coming.



**A BED-ROOM LUXURY: THE ADAPTA BED-TABLE.**

The Adapta Bed-Table, with its second little table, can be adjusted as required, and is particularly useful for invalids or for children. It is made by Messrs. J. Foot and Sons, 171, New Bond Street, W.

### Gifts Galore.

It seems as if about ten days have elapsed since last I was writing about gifts for Christmas. Happily,



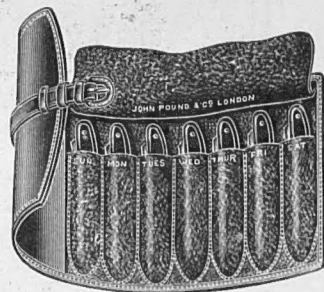
**A LADY'S DRESSING-CASE OF ROLLED HIDE.**

This handsome dressing-case, which has silver and ivory fittings, is made by Messrs. John Pound and Co., and costs £9 15s. Its size is 16 in. by 13½ in. by 7 in.

### To Make Life Easy.

There are few things for which our friends are so grateful as smoothing out wrinkles, speaking metaphorically. No presents are so keenly appreciated as those which minister to comfort. I was with a friend at Messrs. J. Foot and Sons, 171, New Bond Street yesterday. There I saw the ideal chair for a well person who loves ease, or for an invalid, to whom it is so great a boon. It is the cosiest of arm-chairs, with double springs and softest upholstery in seat and back. That is far from all the comforts that it possesses. You press a little lever at the side, and the back falls to an angle that you wish, even quite flat. A child of three can work the lever. In rising, touch it again, and the back rises with you, actually assisting you in the process. Then from underneath a leg-rest is drawn out, with a double

adjustment, admitting of its being placed in any position. Furthermore, and to my mind as important as any other of its excellences, the grandfather arms of this remarkable chair open like doors, so that a woman can get right in, skirts and all, without dodging, and a weak person can be edged off a bed and on to the chair. It is called the Improved Burlington, and it is the last word in comfort in a luxurious easy-chair. The Adapta bed-table is another ingenious contrivance by this same firm. It sits up flat like a fire-screen until wanted; then the foot runs under the bed, and the table, by touching a spring, can be placed at any angle. As a table for a meal, as a desk to read, write, or play a game, as a back-rest, as a work-table, a second little tray-like table is attached, which acts as handmaiden to the large one. For reading it holds the light; for writing, the ink, etc.; for working, the implements. If the "Adapta" be in a house where there are children they clamour for it, because it can be placed at a comfortable height from the floor for their games.



**A RAZOR FOR EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK: THE LATEST IN RAZOR-ROLLS.**

Useful razor-rolls with pockets for two, four, or seven razors (at 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. respectively) are made by Messrs. John Pound and Co., of 211, Regent Street; 67, Piccadilly; 243, Brompton Road; 177-8, Tottenham Court Road; and Leadenhall Street, E.C.

### For Afternoon Tea, etc.

Visiting is of the past; smart women go out to tea now in the afternoon, when there is an added attraction. Bridge, poker, patience, jig-saw, or an entertainment are the bribes that bring them. Best of all is the opportunity to shine before a small select assembly. On "Woman's Ways" page, a drawing will be found of a dress of dahlia-coloured cloth, trimmed with braid, and having a lace chemisette, suited for wearing at one of these small assemblages that have superseded calls.

### A Hidden Light.

Not beneath a bushel, but below a hat, is the eclipse of which I complain. When girls are young, with smooth, unwrinkled brows, and hair growing thereon naturally and prettily, it seems a great pity to pull a hat down over them and hide what is a great beauty. To middle-age such a style of headgear is a boon and a blessing: it keeps hair tidy, staves off neuralgia, and kindly shadows fading eyes.

### Popular Jewellery.

Never was there a time when jewellery was so popular in the fashionable world, or when beautiful designs were available in such bewildering variety, and offered at such moderate prices. At the Regent Street salon of the Parisian Diamond Company, for instance, can be seen all that the heart of woman could desire in the form of glittering gems wherewith to adorn her beauty. For the favourites of fortune there are some magnificent new designs in diamond plaques, collars, diadems, and tiaras, as well as many other stones in a large variety of settings. But the company does not only cater for those who are able to spend large sums upon the replenishing of their jewel-cases. There are numberless pretty things of every conceivable kind for the woman of moderate means, or for the man who has the privilege of providing her with trinkets.



**FOR INVALIDS OR SYBARITES: AN IDEAL ARM-CHAIR—THE IMPROVED BURLINGTON.**

The chair, which is known as the Improved Burlington Chair, has an adjustable back, a movable leg-rest, and its arms open like doors. This, too, is made by Messrs. J. Foot and Sons, 171, New Bond Street, W.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 8.*

## THE OUTLOOK, AND OTHER THINGS.

THE very unsatisfactory political situation is exerting a baneful influence over the Stock Exchange, and all sorts of financial matters. Most people think we may expect a couple of General Elections in the next two years, and, whatever the result, this sort of thing is destructive to business. The Bank Return was quite a good one, and there are even optimists who expect a reduction in the rate within a week or fortnight. Cheap money would be a good offset to political unrest.

At last the shareholders of the Queensland Investment Company, who for the last ten years have chopped and changed, divided and subdivided their capital, until even the wisest of them hardly knows what he holds, seem in sight of rest. With the whole share capital unified and clear of uncalled liability, the goal at which they aimed will be reached. It is probable that the shares may then acquire some selling value and even receive a moderate dividend.

## FOREIGN GOVERNMENT BONDS.

Conceivably, it is the visit of King Manuel to England which has led to a general rise in the value of most European bonds, but if some other reason were at work, the two events—King Manuel's trip and the advance in European issues—are a matter of curious coincidence. The movement will go farther yet as the process of income-tax-dodging grows in popular favour. Distinguished patriots are to be met in every West-End club whose proud boast it is that they are taking their "every bob" out of this country and sending it abroad in order to evade contributing their share to the country's needs. The stocks chosen for this exhibition of shining self-sacrifice are such sound foreign Government bonds as Russian, Spanish, Egyptian Unified, Chilean, Argentine, and similar issues. American Railroad shares and bonds, Canadian Pacific shares, and some of the Canadian-Mexican Light and Power descriptions are eligible for capital thus employed, and if the present Government is returned to power after the General Election, there will certainly be a run on the classes of securities enumerated.

## YANKEES.

To stroll into the Yankee Market after perambulating the depressed Kaffir Circus is a fine tonic, unless it happens to be on one of those occasions when Wall Street is screaming prices lower in order to buy cheaper stock and to catch, incidentally, a few venture-some bears. The inherent strength of the Yankee Market enables prices to withstand dear-money difficulties and the various obstacles to improvement that frequently hang around the declining weeks of the year. Trade in the United States is good, and however much one may scoff at the price, say, of Steel Common, it is apparent that the directors can pay more dividend if they choose. The disagreeable spot in the Yankee Market at the present time is the wild gamble in Copper. When Copper, and Copper shares, start to break, it is a sure thing that they will take the Yankee Market in their train. So keep a wide eye on Copper, for it is the metal rather than the traffics which is responsible for the course of Yankees nowadays.

## ROUND THE KAFFIR MARKET.

In some respects it is not at all a bad thing for the Kaffir Circus to have had a thorough shake-out. The fall has gone a good way towards clearing the atmosphere, and ridding the market of a proportion of the stale bulls, whose accounts have been a worry for a long time past. As the rise was overdone, so, we take it, will be the case with the relapse; and at the time of writing there is little hope discernible of a market change taking place for the better. Precedent rather inclines one to the idea of Kaffirs waking up just before Christmas, when dealers start to lay in a fresh quantity of shares for public consumption early in that New Year which always looks so fair a month before it arrives, and which so rarely fulfils the expectations formed of it. We have little doubt as to the market "coming again," as the House says, and it may make a start, as just suggested, before long. But that Kaffirs can muster enough support to make the market good for more than a day or two the bears decline to believe. Still, once the tide does turn, those animals can reckon upon having quite a lively time.

## INDUSTRIAL INVESTMENTS.

It is none too easy to indicate good 5 per cent. Industrial investments when inquirers come along asking for suggestions. You can find plenty of stocks and shares upon which 4 to 4½ per cent. is obtainable; plenty of others that return 7 to 10 per cent. more or less precariously. Five per cent., however, appears to be such an eminently desirable rate that a comparatively limited number of recommendable shares pay this amount; because we do not include the army of Preference shares quoted in the Stock Exchange Official List paying 5 per cent., but with no market. There was quite a good issue of 4½ per cent. Debenture stock made the other day by the Union Cold Storage Company at 95. The security is sound,

and the scrip can be picked up at a discount of about 2 per cent., so that the yield comes to pretty nearly 5 per cent. on the money. Imperial Tobacco Preferred and Deferred, mixed together, return 5 per cent.; Anglo-Argentine Tramways 5 per cent. First Preference can be bought at about 5s. under their par level of £5. A stock paying more liberally is the 6 per cent. Preferred issue of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company, standing at 102. All these are reasonably good investments, the last-named having a dash of the speculative in its composition.

*Saturday, Nov. 20, 1909.*

## FOREIGN RAILS.

The feature in the Foreign Railway Market continues to be the weakness of *Buenos Ayres and Pacific* Ordinary stock, and, unfortunately, one cannot assert that the fall is without justification. Indeed, it seems likely that it may go further; and although I have never recommended a purchase of this stock in these columns, the matter is exciting so much attention that a few words on the subject may be of interest to your readers. I believe, from all the information I have been able to obtain, that the Buenos Ayres and Pacific has a very great future, perhaps a greater future than any other Argentine railway; but, unhappily, for the time being, the expansion of traffics and profits is not keeping pace with the necessary increase of capital. There will therefore be an interval, the length of which will depend on the harvests of the next few years, during which the amount of dividend payable on the Ordinary stock will be extremely problematical. For the current year, at any rate, the maintenance of the present rate of dividend in face of moderate traffics and increased charges seems almost impossible. For those who are shareholders, and have paid a higher price than that now ruling, the best course would appear to be to hold their stock, and not be discouraged by the immediate outlook. As I said above, those who know the line and the country are the firmest believers in its ultimate prosperity, but I should not be inclined to advise anyone to be in a hurry to buy the stock at present. It will have been noticed that the stocks guaranteed by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific, such as *Bahia Blanca* and *North-Western* and *Villa Maria and Rufino*, have been sympathetically affected. *Bahia Blanca* guaranteed stock, which is now receiving 3½ per cent., and will receive 4½ per cent. from 1917, is down to 87½, as compared with 94, the highest point touched this year. It is rather absurd that these stocks should fall, for no one doubts that their interest is perfectly secure, and it is as well to remember that the income available to pay these stocks increased last year instead of decreasing. The actual sum available after payment of Buenos Ayres and Pacific and Argentine Great Western Debenture stocks was £976,000, as compared with £923,000 in 1908. Investors are likely to have an opportunity here of picking up a safe security unexpectedly cheap. At the current price of 87½ *Bahia Blanca* Guaranteed stock pays 4 per cent., will pay 4½ per cent. from July 1, 1913, and 5 per cent. from July 1, 1917, and thereafter.

The references of the Chairman of the *San Paulo* Railway, in his recent speech, to the possibility of competition will not have escaped the shareholders' attention. Such information as reaches me from the other side rather emphasises the seriousness of the question, and I hear that the *Mogyana* Railway is certainly going to build a line of its own to the coast in the near future. Of course this has often been threatened before, and the *Mogyana* Railway has yet to raise the capital to build what must be an extremely difficult and expensive bit of line. Still, if this line actually does get itself built, the matter will be very serious for the *San Paulo* Company, for it would mean that the *San Paulo* Railway would lose something like 40 per cent. of the coffee that is at present carried over their line.

Some of your readers may remember my recommendation of *Interoceanic of Mexico* First Preference stock, and the probability of its obtaining a Government guarantee. Although the details of the scheme have not yet been completed, the First Preference stock has risen from 74 to 91, in which price is included £5 of dividend due in December. I am told on good authority that the Second Preference stock, now 48, is well worth buying on dividend prospects.

P.S.—A second interim dividend of 6d. per share has been declared on *Pataling Rubber*. A final dividend for the year of at least 1s. 6d. may be expected in March. Q.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,  
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

PETIT BRIDGE.—The East African Company is too new for us to judge of its prospects, except from the statements which read well in the prospectus. The property has not yet been transferred, and the various statements in the prospectus cannot till then be assured. The other Company is among the best; but the return at present price depends on the price of raw rubber, and the absence of disease in the trees.

W. R.—There is not much market for the shares, but you could sell a few at about 6s.

ANXIOUS.—Yes, rubber has dropped about 6d. a pound., but if you are going to get nervous over this the sooner you clear out your shares the better. We see no sign of a break in the price as yet.

AYON.—The market is purely local, and the shares are unknown here.

ROCK.—We consider it a fair industrial risk. If its monopoly is seriously threatened the profits must come down. It is an American Company.

AVONDALE.—We are making inquiries, and will refer to the matter later. Advise you not to hurry.

SUNSPOT.—Your plans read like a book, but whether they will come off is another matter. The price of rubber three or four years hence is nothing like a mathematical certainty, and no agricultural proposition is without risks of disease. Assuming everything goes well, your list is not bad. In considering whether shares are high or low you must remember the capital, and where this is small do not forget it is really cheaper to buy at a big premium than at what looks like a moderate price when the capital is large.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Moorland Lad should win the Manchester Handicap. Other selections for the meeting are: Delamere Handicap, Flizabetta; Brackley Handicap, Duke of Sparta; Eglington Nursery, Jeton; Flying Handicap, Shy Lad; Lancashire Nursery, Lonawand; Ellesmere Handicap, Romney; Worsley Nursery, Surf; Final Plate Land League.

## THE MERE MAN.

## Quiet London.

One of the principal impressions made on the stranger who comes to London is the silence of the great city. To him there seems to be a wonderful absence of noise, and none of the clatter, bang, and dash which seem inseparable from life in the big cities abroad. The foreigner is not peculiar in this, for it also strikes the Englishman when he comes home from foreign parts. This does not apply to the man who has just run across to Paris for a week—though even he must notice the difference in the noise of the two cities—but to the man who has lived abroad for some time, especially in America. In London everybody wishes to be as quiet as possible, and to do his work or his pleasure with a minimum of crowing about it. The Englishman of to-day hates noise, whatever may have been the case with his ancestors, and he has realised the fact, which is not so obvious to less civilised nations, that it is quite possible to be strenuous and at the same time silent. In fact, the best work is done by the quiet man, and not by those who spend a ton of energy in making a noise about two-pennyworth of work.

## Silent Streets.

The outward quiet of London is of course due to the wood pavement with which all our best thoroughfares are provided. Wood pavement is expensive, but it is efficacious and deadens the noise of wheels and hoofs. Most foreign towns are content to lay down cobble-stones, which are

cheap, but perhaps the noisiest kind of pavement ever invented. Rubber tyres, too, contribute not a little to the absence of noise; but they, too, are a good deal more expensive than the primitive hoop of iron which binds so many wheels. We complain very much at times of the clatter made by the heavier vehicles in the streets of London, but a short stay abroad is enough to convince any grumbler that if we have not yet attained perfection, we are at least going a considerable way towards it, and that, without vanity, we may say that we are years in advance of most other nations.

That Awful Silence. What an American has called

the "awful silence of modern London" is by no means confined to the streets and the vehicular traffic. Happily, it is the rule everywhere. Get into a suburban railway-carriage, and the silence, to a foreigner, is absolutely glacial. Everyone is reading a newspaper or a paper-covered book, and hardly anyone thinks of talking. Those who do, talk apologetically in a lowered voice, and are usually conscious of several pairs of disapproving eyes being fixed on them. Nobody wants to hear the

conversation of people of whom he knows nothing about other people of whom he cares less. The man who talks in a public place is with us considered a bore of the first water, and is severely frowned down. Abroad it is quite different. People talk and laugh, and even sing, in a public conveyance, just as our early Bank Holiday makers used to do in the 'seventies, and no one thinks any the worse of them. They have to shout because of the rattling and clattering that is going on all around them. They look on the Englishman as silent and sullen; he looks on them as chattering monkeys.



ON HIS WAY TO THE GUILDHALL: THE KING OF PORTUGAL PASSING ALONG HOLBORN.

On the occasion of his visit to the Guildhall last week, to lunch with the Lord Mayor and Corporation, the young King of Portugal met with a hearty reception from the crowds that lined the streets both going and returning. He is here seen driving along Holborn on his way to the Guildhall.



# STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES

are totally distinct from any others obtainable. They are entirely free from dust, and will not injure the throat or nasal organs.—*Vide Medical Reports.*

Smokers are warned against so-called "high-class" machine-made cigarettes, which are sold at exorbitant prices and very often contain dust and other matters so injurious to health.



**Egyptian Blend.**  
5/- per 100 1/- per 20

**No. 555**

**Virginia Leaf.**  
5/- per 100 1/4 per 25

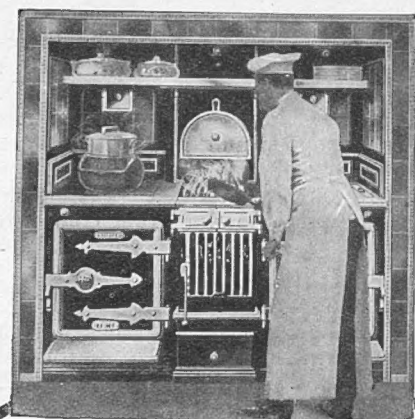
**No. I**

**Turkish Leaf.**  
6/- per 100 1/6 per 25

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